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A THICK, black, oily cloud hangs over the parleys at Lausanne. But despite M. Barrère's insistence upon good old-fashioned secrecy the newspaper correspondents manage to rescue a few stray bits of news. (Some day a wise historian will do justice to the epic struggle of the American correspondents for open diplomacy—which, to them, is synonymous with "news"—in these post-war years.) We learn that the wily Turk is bargaining with might and main, with all the Western Powers together and with each one individually. Apparently he has bid higher than Greece for the friendship of Bulgaria and has thereby disrupted hopes of a new Balkan Alliance; he might well be willing to make concessions in the troubled territory of West Thrace in return for solid compensations in truly Turkish territory. Apparently too the British would be willing to accept the fact of Turkish domination of the Straits—with some face-saving phrases—in return for unquestioned control of Mosul oil. But there the American representative joined the shindy. The Open Door is a right principle in any part of the world, and our State Department is right in objecting to the thieves' bargains which the Allies made in wartime. But—well, we wish it were as zealous about the Open Door in some parts of the world nearer home, and in regions where there is no oil

THE President has made as earnest an appeal to the Congress for his precious ship-subsidy measure as it is possible for him to make, but the Congress and the public have remained cold. The bill will doubtless slip through the House because of the cracking of the party lash, but it ought not to pass the Senate unless renegade Democratic votes can be purchased for it. Why should anybody vote for it except under party duress? Baldly stated, the Lasker proposal to shipowners is this: the Government is losing $52,000,000 a year in this business; therefore it wishes to unload upon private individuals. First, it offers them its ships at $30 a ton, when the prevailing price is $20 a ton. Next, as stimulus to sales, the President admits that three-quarters of the boats were badly designed and wastefully constructed, being planned with reference only to their usefulness as war-adjuncts and with no thought as to their usefulness after the war. Now, in order to induce anybody to consider buying damaged goods like these, the Government offers a bonus on the operation of all its ships, good or bad; that is, it promises to make up their deficits in operation upon the theory that those deficits will be much less than its own. It pretends to know just about what those deficits will be, but the amounts it actually offers are far below its own pro rata losses, and, of course, there will be factors such as the coming in of the Diesel engine, which is revolutionizing all ocean traffic, the influence of which no man can estimate. So the country is asked to take a leap into total darkness and to establish once more the vicious principle of aiding a few privileged persons to carry on an economically unsound enterprise, in order to avoid facing another terrible war-loss in the scrapping of the bulk of our merchant fleet and selling the rest for what it will bring.

INSTEAD of appointing a "lame duck" to the Supreme Court President Harding has nominated a corporation lawyer. It is reported that Pierce Butler, lately general attorney for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha Railroad, was recommended by the Kellogg-Preus machine, but it is certain that the farmer-labor friends of Senator-elect Shipstead, who roundly trounced Senator Kellogg last month, are indignant that such a citizen of their State should go to the highest court of the land. Former Attorney General Wickersham also indorses him: he named him to prosecute the packers in 1910. The case was, says Mr. Wickersham, "presented as well as it could be, although the packers were acquitted." As regent of the University of Minnesota Mr. Butler showed his true colors. In 1917 Professor Schaper, head of the political science department, who had previously opposed Mr. Butler on railroad-tax questions, was called by telephone to appear before the regents, and, after being heckled and bullied by Mr. Butler, was charged with "disloyalty" and dismissed without a for-

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mal charge being made. Mr. Butler personally objected to making written charges or to giving Professor Schaper opportunity to defend himself. He has shown the same unjudicial temper in other cases, notably in that of a young medical professor who differed with him on a question of university policy. Such an appointment is deplorable from every point of view. It degrades the court, strikes a blow at its spiritual integrity and its independence, and further tarnishes its reputation by making it the abiding-place of intolerant reactionaries.

MR. HARDING'S appointment of a colored man by the name of Walter L. Cohen to a Federal office in New Orleans brings up an old and vexed question. To many this would seem a needless raising of the old issue, bound to hurt the Negro people more than ever, to say nothing of the danger to the individual in this hour of Ku Klux Klans. But what is the alternative? Shall the colored people forever be expected to remain without representation in Federal office in States in which they form from 30 to 50 per cent of the total population? It is not that they want an office or two, or the salaries attached thereto; the holding of such an office is a symbol or assurance that theoretically at least they have one of the privileges of their citizenship in what is alleged to be the purest and best of democracies, but which is to them at every point a conspiracy against justice. Only those who likewise are denied simple human rights are entitled to pass judgment upon them—not those white Americans who are assured of all their rights merely because of the color of their skins or the contour of their noses. Of course, the South will protest and threaten as it has done before a dozen times in similar cases. Alas! It does not see that by this attitude it is not only oppressing and repressing a people whose labor is the basis of its prosperity; it is inviting a terrible retribution, for no such acts ever go unpunished.

TWENTY white men and sixty-four Negroes was the final death toll of the coal dust explosion at Dolomite, Alabama, on November 22. Two days later the newspapers record the discovery of fourteen young morons from the Ohio State Farm for Feeble-Minded working as near-slaves in a Pennsylvania mine. One day before the coroner's jury at Barnesboro, Pennsylvania, had reported that the deaths of seventy-seven miners in a mine explosion at Spangler on November 6 "occurred from the use of open lights after the mine management had knowledge of the accumulation of explosive gas in the mine." These are things to remember when the miners make another plea for public sympathy. Let the editors who have denounced them as foreigners and Reds keep in mind the picture of the miners' wives, hooded in shawls, standing about the pit-mouths, waiting to discover whether their husbands are corpses or invalids. Meanwhile the newspapers naturally do not report the negative news that despite the generous principles announced by young Mr. Rockefeller with such a fanfare, the Pennsylvania mines in which he is interested still refuse to settle with the union.

MUSSOLINI has demanded and obtained the abdication of the Italian Parliament. They admit, what after all was an accomplished fact, that he may do as he please without consulting them. Elections are postponed. This is dictatorship, the rule of force, the negation of democracy —in Italy, the country with the most ancient tradition of democracy. But is there the world protest which greeted the dictatorship of the Bolsheviki in a country without a democratic or parliamentary tradition? There is not. War-time methods killed a vast deal of respect for parliamentary institutions, but more important are the facts that Mussolini's dictatorship has dissolved the commission to investigate war profits, canceled the art confiscating war profits above 10 per cent, and revoked a law intended to stop corporation evasions of the income tax.

RICARDO FLORES MAGON, Mexican anarchist, has died in Leavenworth Penitentiary. He was sent there because in his little Spanish newspaper he expressed his philosophy, which included opposition to the world war. For writings which opposed that violence he was sentenced to serve twenty-one years in a Federal prison. (No other country in the world imposes such sentences for crimes of opinion.) He had served five of his twenty-one years. A year ago one prison doctor diagnosed him as sick with diabetes. Within a month another had reported chronic bronchitis. His friends had appealed to the Attorney General of the United States—who happens to be the very lawyer who for money got the robust banker-crook, Charles W. Morse, out of prison on the pretext that he was ill—but Mr. Daugherty replied, with his usual looseness of statement, that Magon was a "dangerous anarchist," was not ill, and must stay in jail—his life had been "one continuous fight against law and order." In Mexico they knew better. They recalled his long fight against the tyrant Diaz; when the news of his death came the Chamber of Deputies draped the speaker's rostrum in mourning; the labor unions organized a parade in his honor. Meanwhile, his fellow-editor Librado Rivera is still in jail. Will Mr. Daugherty keep him, too, behind the bars until he comes out in a coffin?

IF every Congressman and every Senator could talk five minutes to one of the Armenian or Greek refugees who are in a fair way of being deported back to homelessness because of the mechanical application of our quota law, we think there would be a unanimous vote in favor of the proposed bill permitting entry of refugees from the disaster-countries who have relatives in this republic ready to support them. There are, it is estimated, a million Christian refugees from various parts of Turkey now herded into the Ægean Islands or into Greece; this country is about to raise some millions of dollars for their relief. Is it not absurd that when some of these miserable folk finally come within sight of Manhattan Island and of the homes of their kinspeople, they should be ordered deported because, forsooth, the quota of 318 per month—or whatever is may be—from their particular birthland had already been filled? And that their kinsfolk, who are forbidden to take them into their homes here, should be invited to help provide food for them after they have been deported? These people have no homes to return to; their homes have been burned, as in Smyrna, or they have, as with the Christian peoples of Thrace and of Anatolia, been virtually exiled by a hostile Government—and the United States, once proud to think itself the "refuge of the oppressed," is the one land in the world which refuses to let them land upon its shores. No Congressman could look those refugees in the eyes and then vote to ship them back to hunger and desolation.

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THAT is the biggest and easiest thing we can do to help in this crisis: to lift the bars for the hundred thousand refugees who have relatives in this country eager to care for them. It will be harder to give money again. We have become callous by years of famine-stories, and we hear of a new famine in Russia this winter. But the task of caring for the Christian peoples of the Near East is one that lies particularly close to the hearts of the American churches; and it is a beautiful outlet for the indignation which sometimes spends itself in belligerent words. When the news of Smyrna's fire came, the Near East Relief unhesitatingly emptied the great warehouses which held a winter's food for the 107,000 orphans under its wing. Those warehouses must be refilled. We believe that America will show by such deeds that her refusal to share as M. Clemenceau would have her in European politics is something very different from mere selfishness.

IF it is hard for a new poet to get an adequate hearing, it is trebly hard for a new composer to do so. The interpretative instrumentalities, especially for orchestral works, are not only very elaborate in character but comparatively few in number. The symphony orchestras are expected, and rightly so, to devote themselves primarily to the interpretation of the great masters, though our New York orchestras are giving much attention this winter to the works of new composers. But it would be rash to give too much space on their programs to new and revolutionary music. To mend this situation is the admirable purpose of the International Composers' Guild. The Guild, in cooperation with similar groups in Europe, will during each season give a series of concerts in which the new forms and moods of musical expression will be able to gain an adequate and unprejudiced hearing. Three such concerts will be given during the current season at the Klaw Theater in New York City, at one of which, for instance, subscribers and friends will be able to hear for the first time in this country the "Pierrot Lunaire" of Arnold Schönberg. A distinguished executive committee is responsible for the management of the Guild and among the contributing composers will be found the names of leaders of the latest creative methods in music, including Busoni, Schönberg, and Stravinsky.

OF all the ladies in public life at this time our favorite is Lady Jewell. The reelection to Parliament of Lady Astor is a trivial happening beside the news that reaches us from Tacoma, Washington, in regard to our own American entry for the lady sweepstakes championship of the world. The road to fame was laid for Lady Astor; Lady Jewell laid her own. For the year ending November 1 she contributed to the welfare of mankind 315 eggs. As there are 313 week-days in a normal year, this must mean that Lady Jewell laid an egg every working day and on two Sundays got busy and threw in an extra one. Whether these Sunday eggs were produced by mistake because the good lady got mixed in regard to the calendar, or whether she tossed them off for sheer love of her work we cannot say; but we give her the benefit of the doubt. Although twenty of Lady Jewell's eggs were sold lately for $500, we do not believe she would reduce quality or quantity a whit if they had fetched only fifty cents. Other ladies have done more cackling lately than Lady Jewell, but when it comes to delivering the goods she had them all lashed to the roost; and there is nothing hardboiled about her output either.

The Free State Gone Mad?

IT is difficult to avoid the conclusion that by its execution of Erskine Childers and its severity toward Mary MacSwiney, holding her in jail through twenty-three days of hunger strike, the Irish Free State has dealt itself blows from which it can not completely recover. The execution of Childers was a piece of savagery the more inexcusable because no man ever fought more vigorously or bravely for a truly free Ireland. An Englishman born, and a man of intense, unyielding prejudices, he refused to accept anything less than complete independence and sovereignty. So he embarked with De Valera upon what seemed to us the very wrong course of not only opposing the Free State but opposing it by encouraging the resort to arms among brothers. For the worst kind of civil war that is now raging in unhappy Ireland he bore a chief responsibility, as he did for giving cynics and disbelievers in the Irish the world over a right to say: "We told you so; the Irish cannot govern themselves. They can only pull down and not build up."

Yet what does the Free State do when it captures this man? Why, instead of being generous and noble and remembering his great services to Ireland in the past, it acts precisely like the former British misgovernment of Ireland; it shoots him out of hand on the absurd, technical charge of having a pistol in his possession. This, it is explained, is "being firm." Even so good a friend of Ireland as Mr. A. G. Gardiner, long editor of the London *Daily News*, avers that it was necessary. *Necessary?* Why the death of Childers, like the long imprisonment of one bearing the name MacSwiney, will merely infuriate the irreconcilables the more. We shall be surprised if it does not lead to bitter reprisals, shocking murders, executions, and counter-executions, a continuance of the eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth policy which is daily bringing Ireland nearer to despair and to destruction. Must it be said that the greatest opportunity which has ever come or could ever come to Ireland was frittered away in blood? It almost appears so; it almost appears as if the frailty of human nature were leading to no other end. It seems as if the new Irish Free State government in taking over Dublin Castle took over the spirit as well of the men who occupied it for so many centuries against the will of the Irish people.

What is there that so obsesses men who come to power? What poison is it that enters their veins and makes them believe that the very acts of violence they condemned in others are justifiable at their hands? How, after all the slaughter of the last eight years, can any one believe that a government may today be carried on by force and by blood? A government which resorts to such measures confesses its incompetence, it strengthens the hands of those who say that the human being is rare indeed who can assume power over his fellows without his soul deteriorating. Talk about the primitive lusts making themselves felt among the rowdies of the docks, the savages on the Congo! If the veneer of humanity can anywhere be shown to be thinner than among those heads of states who achieve great power over their fellows, we have not seen it. So we can only make one more appeal to the Free State to reverse its policy while there is yet time. We hope that the long-delayed release of Mary MacSwiney may mark the beginning of a new era of reason and reconciliation.

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To Clemenceau

YOU say you want more than America's money—you want our hearts and souls. But, M. Clemenceau, France had our hearts and souls, and more than that. It is not easy to give again that which has been offered once, and tossed aside with contempt. You accepted our money and our men, but our ideals, our hopes, our dreams and visions, the things of heart and soul, you refused. We meant the Fourteen Points, M. Clemenceau; you jested that God was content with Ten Commandments but that Mr. Wilson asked fourteen. You may have chuckled knowingly when Mr. Wilson talked of open diplomacy, of a world made safe for democracy, of a new and better world; our people believed in those things, and they are left with a sense of bruised disillusionment. You say France had friends in 1914 but stands alone today; does it never occur to you to look for the reason in French policy? Since you have come, M. Clemenceau, to talk frankly and explain away the misunderstandings which have grown up between two countries once bound by a romantic friendship, let us tell you some of the things which have turned those romantic bonds into realistic suspicion:

1. Secret Diplomacy. We did not know when we went to war that France had bound herself by secret treaties to defy the principles which we had preached, which you seemed to accept. You sent us your Joffre, but he told us nothing of them. We hardly believed the Bolsheviki when they revealed texts of secret treaties, and were amazed when you insisted that they stood above the Fourteen Points at Paris. Nor have you repented. Only the other day the spokesman of France spoke once more for the old hidden ways, and demanded secret sessions at Lausanne.

2. Conscription in Africa. You are introducing conscription and teaching modern warfare to the peoples of the Dark Continent. You are saving your own sons by bringing these poor, helpless, and ignorant dusky sons of the tropics into Europe to fight your battles for you, and you have posted them to guard the Rhine for you.

3. The Huge Army on the Rhine. When you talk to us of reparations we remember the billions of marks which have been squandered in maintaining your generals in luxury in castles on the Rhine, in establishing brothels for your soldiers, in building great brick barracks to house your armies, in supporting 90,000 French soldiers in the Rhineland—more than Germany maintained there in the "armed-camp" days before the war.

4. Failure to Disarm. We cannot forget that France has steadfastly refused to ratify the Washington treaties for naval disarmament, that a Frenchman—Barthou—opened the Genoa Conference with a protest against discussion of disarmament, and that France today, face to face with a disarmed Germany, has authorized an army of 725,000 men,[1] almost as large as before the war.

5. Policy of Alliances. You have realized our fears that the League of Nations meant no free association of nations but an instrument of dictation, by using it as a tool and building within it a series of alliances. You have used Poland as a pawn; you have supported the White Terror in Hungary with one hand, and with the other have sought to build a great cordon of vassal states across Europe.

6. Coal. You have starved industrial Germany by forcing her to deliver coal to you at the rate of 24 million tons per year, pleading that you needed it to compensate for your own lost production, and then, unable to use it all in France, you have sold back to Germany her own coal at more than the price you paid her for it. You have credited Germany's reparation account with less than the market price of coal in France, and have returned the difference in price as a bonus to your industrial financiers.

7. Reconstruction. You have cried to the world that your northern provinces were in ruins, but have refused the German labor and materials which Germany offered you, despite the protest of your own Confederation of Labor.

8. Annexations. You yourself, M. Clemenceau, have just confessed that you urged annexation of the Rhineland upon Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Wilson—do you expect us to give you our hearts and souls for urging what would surely mean another war? M. Loucheur's recent speech and the secret Dariac report to M. Poincaré, which we publish in the International Relations Section of *The Nation* this week, reveal that responsible French statesmen are still plotting to dismember Germany and create a Rhineland state as a part of the structure of French imperialism.

9. Saber-rattling. Need we repeat the pitiful history of these chaotic post-armistice years, of the threats of your successive prime ministers, of the occupation of Frankfurt in 1920 (when you quartered your least civilized troops in Goethe's house), of M. Briand's mobilization in the spring of 1921, of the occupation of the Ruhr ports which you have deliberately prolonged long after the alleged occasion, of the continual provocations which have kept Europe in nervous excitement and uncertainty and have doomed her to continuing chaos?

10. Militarism. What is militarism, M. Clemenceau, if it is not reliance upon military force? Reread your own speeches; you stand convicted out of your own mouth.

France is not the only sinner in the world today. *The Nation* has not shown itself unaware of our own American economic imperialism, or of British imperialism. But you are appealing for aid for France; apparently the "heart and soul" you ask means a military alliance. And it is only fair that in addition to the chorus of newspaper praise some journal should frankly speak out the things which have cut so deeply into the American heart and soul that a resumption of the old warm and unquestioning affection is today impossible.

You have shown flexibility in the past, M. Clemenceau. In your youth you were so red a radical that many of the men who cheer you today would howl for your deportation were they to read your early writings. Can you not show flexibility once more in your old age? The greatest service you could do your country would be to return and report frankly to them not the empty speeches which have greeted you, but these things which have driven America into suspicion of all Europe, and in particular of France.

[1] This is the figure given in the official French statement to the League of Nations. Some weeks ago we stated that the present French army was larger than the Kaiser's army at the outbreak of the war. This was, it appears, erroneous, although Senator Hitchcock declared in the Senate on November 23 that the French army of today is the greatest peace establishment ever maintained by any nation and there is difficulty in arriving at the correct figures. The present French army is larger in proportion to the French population than was the Kaiser's in proportion to the German people, but according to German official figures the absolute number of the Kaiser's army was greater by more than 125,000. General Buat of the French army has made the significant statement that "France alone was at the beginning [of the war] at least equal if not superior to her formidable adversary in the number of principal units."

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The Professor's Wife

OF course there are college teachers who have, so to speak, imparted a sort of "jazz" to their profession; who address "institutes" and forums on the integrity of the Constitution, and write articles in the popular weeklies on Post-War Morals: A Process of Decay. But these money-making professors, immune from the ordinary stresses of their arduous professions, must not be allowed to divert us from a problem which is social and educational and domestic and ethical. The fact is that college professors as a whole are a class of underpaid, overworked, thoroughly cowed wage slaves. They receive too little money to live on, and for the life of them they don't know what to do about it. If anyone came along and offered to tell them—anyone who knew, like W. Z. Foster, for example—as likely as not they would agree with the Chairman of the Sub-Committee on Public Meetings of the Committee on Buildings and Grounds that he should not be permitted the use of any college hall.

So much for the professor. What about the partner of his fairly unmitigated sorrows? So far she has gone no further than he in forming unions or proposing any sort of a joint agreement with the trustees, but she has at least analyzed the problem; and that is the first step toward revolution. A reprint has recently come into this office from the *University of California Chronicle* for October, 1922, which is pointedly headed "What Are the Prospects of the University Professor's Wife?" It was written by Dorothy Hart Bruce in collaboration with eight other women, and it is the most persuasive human document that has come to our desk in many months. By a truly eloquent use of family budgets, salary estimates, household lists, the authors show that there is no economic reason why the professor's wife and his family, and the professor himself, should stay alive at all, much less have anything that could be called "prospects."

This study was made as an answer to the president of the University of California who, in a recent article entitled What Are the Prospects of the University Professor? drew an enticing picture of academic life: the professor free from the "anguish and humiliation of debt," adding books to his library, rearing his family in comfort, providing for his old age, and all the while developing "the field of teaching and research which most fully represents his capacity and enthralls his imagination." The women who answer him scratch facts and figures all over his sketch. They leave the professor to his own devices and, considering only the situation of his family, they describe a life in which comfort and all opportunities for mental expansion are forfeited; in which economy is carried to the point of drabness and shabbiness and ill-health. "Yet all this is not enough," say the authors. "The only economy which in time enables us to live on our salaries is for us to have no babies . . . The professor's wife, even presupposing freedom from illness and from dependents, must choose between childlessness on the one hand, and on the other the anguish and humiliation of many years of debt, the never-lightened burden of too great physical labor, the inability to give her children the things which she knows are important, the inevitable choking of her intellectual and artistic qualities. These realities are her life day by day and year by year. These are her prospects."

The authors pass over rather lightly the possibility that the professors' wives might contribute by their own labor to the family income and improve their lot at the same time. The opportunities for such work are, however, likely to be limited in a university town; and in any case the authors' immediate task was not to suggest to the president simple modes of escape from his obviously ludicrous position. But certainly the whole study brings into a startling glare of light the pitiable situation of a woman, educated and competent, tied to a life of unremitting, unpaid, manual labor. The president of the university should be warned that in this situation is a breeding-place of feminism in its most virulent and pugnacious forms. It may not appear in the pamphlet, but it is present on the university campus none the less.

On his own ground the president is refuted; he is, perhaps, squelched; conceivably, he is even convinced. But when this much is accomplished, what is accomplished? Will salaries be raised to a decent level? If such a miracle occurs our faiths will have to be made over; we shall begin to believe that a closely reasoned argument will improve conditions in the steel mills and a few tables set things right down in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. If good comes of this statistical drama it will come, we believe, not directly but through the stimulation of the "faculty husbands." Eventually they will have to fight their own battles, and with sharper weapons than they have ever learned to handle. They will have to learn the feeling of being parts of one another—a mystical experience that all unionists know. They will have to take the facts that the women have gathered together and dramatized, and make them into hard demands. They will, in short, have to organize and fight. And they will have to do this, not only in the University of California, but in very nearly every college and university in the United States. Even a sacred idol like professional dignity should in the long run come to look less important to college teachers than the health and happiness of their families, than the very possibility of having those families.

The Critic and the Cobbler

"YES," said the critic, "literature is the expression of life; life grown articulate; life's highest form. I have said it a hundred times. I shall go on saying it. It is true; it must be true. Metaphysically and practically it is not to be doubted. And yet. . . . Yes, I have moments of doubt and of dismay; I have hours when I can no longer integrate literature with the general life of man, when it sinks to the level of an amusement, when the artist takes on, as Stevenson said long ago, the aspect of a prostitute—of one who lives by merely furnishing pleasure.

"Why? Look through that grimy little window into the cobbler's shop. The cobbler, an Italian with a grave, massive Roman head, sits, awl in hand, bent over a disreputable-looking shoe. There is no droop in his bending; the man's spirit is erect. He is poor. He lives on polenta and black bread and onions. He is fifty. There is no vista or vision in his life. He is a realist by temper and doesn't befool himself with dreams. His wife, a gaunt, fiery-eyed slattern, stands in the background. The man's fate is fixed. Very well. Let a poet look in at that window and grasp imaginatively the cobbler's past and present outlook. The

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poet knows that, given such a life for himself, he would rebel, get drunk, fill the air with the beauty of the wailing of his immedicable disappointment at mortality. And that wail would nowadays—when the 'maker' is a 'maker' of imaginative narrative—go through several editions and the poet would be dining comfortably at the Brevoort and shuddering at the supreme misery of the common lot of man.

"The stern fact remains that the cobbler is not a poet. I don't say that he's happy. I do say that he practices a dignified and even a cheerful acceptance of the common lot. There is no use in denying it or sophisticating it. For did he and his kind not do so the world would be in flames within the hour. He has, he must have, sources of content and human dignity to draw on that the poet lacks. In those sources lies the explanation of the meaning of life at its broadest. And those sources are hidden from poet, critic, philosopher, from all the tribe whose nerves are stung by the necessity of change even if it be pain, whose minds are driven by the hunger for eternity.

"The doubt comes often and persists. I look out of the windows of a train and see ineffably mean towns scattered along miry roads. The shapeless houses are painted, as though by a cruel ironist, in comfortless browns and poisonous yellows. The shabby men and aproned women are not singing with joy. But they are not dispirited, nor hopeless, nor anything that the poet would be were he to share their fate. Something sustains them. It is not, in our sense, beauty or adventure; it is not ease; it is certainly not hope. Their fate, like the cobbler's, is fixed. What is it? What is it? There is the secret of life.

"Very well. I can't, in those hours of doubt, help pursuing such reflections. I see the 'happy well-fed drummers.' You remember Whitman's phrase. He must have had an inkling of the great secret. I see the rosy, stout business men with Elk insignia on their portly paunches. Yes, and I wonder whether doubt and the sense of insufficiency did ever strike upon George F. Babbitt, or if Sinclair Lewis did not, with infinite restraint of manner and documentation of fact, merely infuse into Babbitt the minimum of yearning and awakening that he, put in Babbitt's place, can conceive himself to have felt. And I can't help wondering whether Lee Randon isn't merely Joseph Hergesheimer disporting his pangs under the guise of the Philadelphia manufacturer, and whether Claude Wheeler, had he not died in France, would not now be a gentle but quite convinced member of the American Legion.

"You say it's absurd. I hope so. What gives me pause is the patience of men. Through all ages they have been patient, from our point of view. They are not, like poets, an irritable race. That is why they really dislike the poets and often enough crucify these troublesome fellows who will not let well enough alone and succeed occasionally in setting fire to the minds of their sons and the hearts of their daughters. Quiet is best if you can get nothing in exchange for it but disquiet. The poet does not know the secret by which common men live. He had better leave them alone.

"Am I blaspheming all I am and stand for?" The critic smiled ruefully. "It doesn't matter. It is always healthy, if only as an exercise, to tell all sides of the truth that are revealed to you. I shall go ahead upon my appointed errands and do my appointed work. But the voice of that doubt will be heard again. It is only a still, small voice. It cannot quite be silenced."

James Ramsay MacDonald

ON November 15 a private British citizen, on November 23 leader of his Britannic Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons; beginning his new leadership with a speech which, the dispatches record, showed him to have "lost nothing of his skill as a Parliamentary dialectician" and presaged an extremely vigorous and able opposition for Bonar Law—this is the story of eight days in the life of James Ramsay MacDonald. The whirligig of time does bring its revenges to men who stand fast to their principles and are true to their beliefs! We do not forget Campbell-Bannerman's opposition to the Boer War, and his triumphant appearance in the House as Prime Minister in 1905, we do not forget the despised and hunted David Lloyd George, fleeing in a policeman's uniform from an anti-war meeting, and his subsequent rise to highest honors, when we say that there has been no more dramatic change of fortune in modern English political history than Ramsay MacDonald's sudden restoration to political power and influence. For Mr. MacDonald was fairly driven out of public life because he would not stand with his country in the war against Germany. A pacifist on principle, he declined to say: "My country right or wrong." That the devil then took him upon a high hill and gave him a vision of the political kingdoms of the earth is well known. Had he, with his native ability, his skill as an orator and a parliamentarian, and his handsome presence, but "gone along" there is no doubt that he and not Arthur Henderson would have been the Labor member of the inner steering ring of the Cabinet which guided the destiny of England during the war. But he chose the lonely furrow; he preferred the abuse and threats of press and public, the reviling of the mob, the sneers and taunts of erstwhile associates, and was quite content to await his vindication.

It has come in not much more than eight years. Beaten in 1918 and 1920, he now triumphs by 3,000 votes. Havelock Wilson, the governmentalized Labor leader whose Seaman's Union would not transport MacDonald to Finland a few years back, went down to defeat, while MacDonald triumphed. A sworn opponent of imperialism now leads the Opposition; a man who knows the diplomatic game by which the war was put over on Europe and understands full well the intrigue by which behind the arras the strings of the diplomatic puppets are pulled, territories carved up, and the fates of nations juggled. One of the bravest, most honest, and most right-minded of men stands where he can expose sham, hypocrisy, intrigue, and deceit. Best of all, he will fight not only for the plain people of England but for the plain people of all the world. To its valued friend and contributor, whose last article appeared in its issue of October 18, *The Nation* sends its earnest greetings, its heartiest congratulations. It has no question that Ramsay MacDonald will live up to his glorious opportunities just as he bore with unsurpassed fortitude the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, as his shining character foiled the low and dirty intrigues by which, during the war, his Government sought to embroil him by means of *agents provocateurs*. *The Nation* hopes that the day is not far distant when it will hail him as Prime Minister. It knows today that in Ramsay MacDonald on the Opposition bench the peace of Europe has its staunchest champion, the cause of humanity an unsurpassed defender.

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Looking On

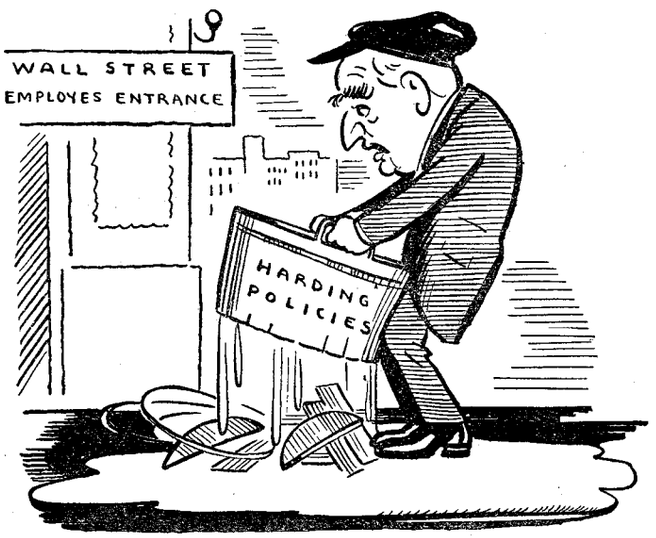
by

Art Young

Portrait of a Young Man Trying to Find Out Who Started the War

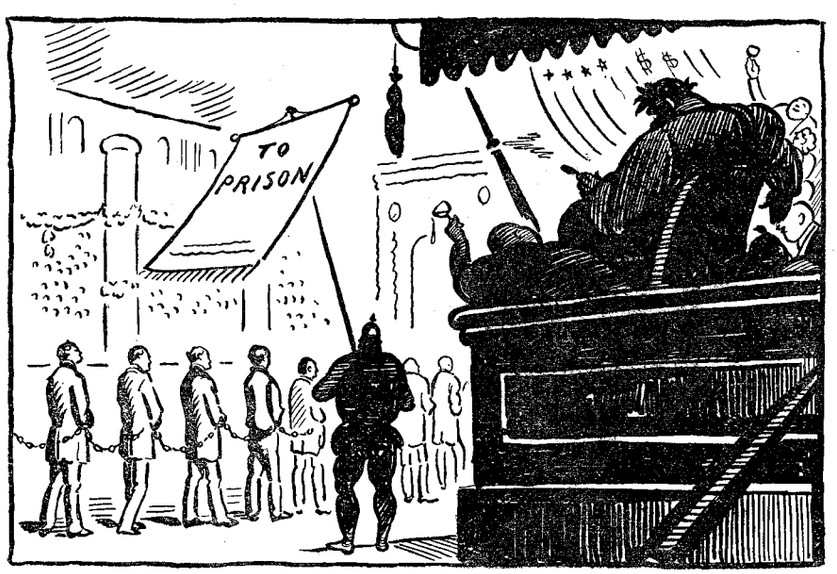
The Honorable Knute Nelson

Discovering that he no longer carries the State of Minnesota in his pocket.



The Bottom Falls Out

Something went wrong on Election Day and the milk and honey delivery was temporarily delayed.



A New Roman Triumph

Nineteen radicals are sent to jail to prevent them from overturning the Republic and setting up a Communist dictatorship.

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Kansas Cleans Up Governor Allen's Mess

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

KANSAS craves the world's indulgence just a little longer while she cleans up an unsavory mess, sets herself right with world opinion, and prepares to go back to raising corn, wheat, and hogs. At the recent election the people of Kansas spoke their minds about several important things. During the next two or three months it is hoped that the State Legislature, the Governor, and the courts may finish speaking the mind of Kansas in regard to these and other consequential matters.

Of the inhabitants of Kansas 65 per cent live in rural communities. Sixty per cent of the farmers own their farms, which average 244 acres in area. These figures are very important in giving a picture of Kansas and her problems. They indicate a large, thinly settled agricultural State devoid of factory towns and factory problems. The 35 per cent that lives in towns consists of retired farmers, the necessary keepers of stores and shops and jobbing houses, and a scattering of miners and shop hands, constituting a minor factor in population. A law-abiding factor, also, let us not fail to state. Kansas, prior to the late unfortunate political fireworks centering around the so-called industrial court, was a stranger to rioting, large strikes, and other troubles commonly associated with industrial centers. The population of Kansas is largely American born of American-born parents, with the exception of a few very sober communities of German Mennonite and Swedish farmers.

But it was in Kansas that a new school of industrial prophets arose about three years ago, proposing to do away with the ancient evil of the strike by means of an industrial commission with wide executive powers. A strike occurred in the mines in the southeastern part of the State. It was at the beginning of winter. The popular state of mind and the condition of many coal bins furnished an opportune background for drastic anti-labor legislation. Governor Allen called the legislature into special session and easily induced it to pass a law fathered by W. L. Huggins, a corporation lawyer. The law provides, in brief, for the creation of an industrial "court," a commission devoid of judicial functions, and forbids striking and the calling of strikes in the three basic industries of transportation, coal mining, and the production of food. A fourth basic industry, the manufacture of clothing, is mentioned in the law, but as almost no clothing is manufactured in Kansas, this clause is immaterial to any consideration of the statute.

The law provides a fine of not more than one thousand dollars, of a jail sentence of not more than a year, or both, for the misdemeanor of striking, which is termed a conspiracy to curtail production. It fixes the penalty for calling a strike at not more than two years in the penitentiary, or a fine of not more than five thousand dollars, or both. Calling a strike in one of the industries mentioned is made a felony. It is the penal feature of the law which made it altogether unworkable. This circumstance was foreseen by many observers before the law was passed. Indeed, when Governor Allen was urging the advantages of the prospective court to a large group of publishers in New York, one of his auditors ventured to ask, in substance:

"But what would you do under this law if there should be a general strike, or a strike of large proportions? You cannot lock up all the laborers in your State, can you?"

To which the Governor replied, in substance: "That is just a supposititious case, and we shall not worry about it at present. If all the people in New York should die tomorrow the undertakers would have a terrible problem on their hands. But we are not worrying about that."

All the people in New York did not die. But all the laborers in the three essential groups in Kansas did strike. Not quite all. On the railroads just the shopmen struck. After nearly three years of constant striking, speech-making, talking, bickering, fighting, calling of hard names, and the bitterest of discord peace-loving Kansans have voted to put the industrial-court law away in lavender leaves, and go back to producing. By a majority of twenty thousand votes this rock-ribbed Republican State has elected to the governorship the only candidate for Governor who would declare himself unalterably opposed to the industrial court and all its works. To do this the people had to elect a Democrat.

The electors have chosen for the governorship a farmer who works on his farm. He is Jonathan Davis, a person of no renown. He wears overalls, milks cows himself, sows, and reaps. He reads political economy and the newspapers by lamplight, the day's work being done, and he has such a quiet place for reading that he has been able to detect a wide chasm, a monumental hiatus, between political economy and the political trickery that has its daily record in the newspapers. So Jonathan Davis went out and talked to his farmer friends about it. He declared that the industrial court was a failure, and hardly anybody disagreed with him. He was nominated in a primary. He ran on the Democratic ticket because it was the only ticket left to run on, the Republicans having agreed up at Topeka to nominate W. Y. Morgan, considered a sure winner in a pinch.

Mr. Davis from first to last denounced the industrial law, pointed out the useless expense of it, denounced partisanship in government, and let it be known that he took no interest in existing parties except as necessary vehicles under our political system. Mr. Morgan, a very popular politician, editor of a paper in a town of twenty thousand, tried to ignore the industrial-court issue. But he had to have the support of the existing Republican State machine, dominated by the Governor. So he made a formal statement indorsing the industrial court "in principle." Under heckling he said that he believed in the penal feature of the law. Governor Allen covered the State for his friend Mr. Morgan. He talked about the industrial court in every speech he made. In vain did Mr. Morgan try to forget this pestiferous creation. His chief supporter wouldn't let him forget it. The result was the twenty thousand majority for the unknown and Democratic Mr. Davis, who doesn't know how to make a speech, but only states self-evident truths about State affairs when he gets upon his feet in public.

James McDermott, one of the "judges" of the industrial tribunal, ran for a seat in the State Legislature, also on the Republican ticket. He was defeated much as was Mr. Mor

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gan. Otherwise Kansas stuck to tradition, and voted Republican. Only one of the eight Congressmen elected at this election, W. A. Ayres, is a Democrat. His election was due to a combination of circumstances, chief among which was that Governor Allen also took the stump for Mr. Ayres's opponent, and talked about the industrial court in every speech he made.

The Kansas Legislature remains Republican by a majority large enough to pass bills over the Democratic Governor's veto, in case of a fight that smacks of partisanship. Governor-elect Davis has announced that his first recommendation to the legislature will be that the industrial-court law be repealed. It remains to be seen whether the legislature will act upon this suggestion, but it is well known that many of the legislators of the majority party, deprived of the leadership of Governor Allen, look upon the industrial-court law as a handicap to their party as well as to their State. If Governor Davis cannot effect the repeal of the law he can nullify the court by various non-cooperation devices, and these, his friends say, he is prepared to use to the limit. So Kansas probably will furnish the world no more pyrotechnics of the type that have attracted attention during the last two or three years.

Now, why is Kansas tired of the much-advertised industrial court? In brief, because the institution has done no good and much harm; because a State that was serene before the coming of that institution has been a battle-ground and a house of hate since its creation; because the law that was touted far and wide as a preventer of strikes and a right arm of Justice has proved to be a fomenter of strikes, a brewer of industrial trouble, and a right arm of oppression and injustice. Virtually all of the coal miners, packing-house workers, and railroad-shop workers have struck in Kansas since the creation of this law. Not all because of the law. A general strike in the coal-fields was the only direct-action strike called as a protest against the industrial-court law. The other principal strikes, including also another general strike in the coal-fields, were parts of nation-wide strikes. But the industrial-court law did not prevent them, did not settle them, did not halt or ameliorate them. And the people are wondering why they are paying industrial-court salaries.

The strikes that tied up the Kansas coal mines, packing houses, and railroad shops were settled beyond the borders of Kansas without the aid of the Kansas tribunal. They were long, bitter strikes. They were more bitter in Kansas than in most other places, because of the oppressive attitude taken by the Kansas State government, through the industrial court and through other agencies. The bitterness was increased by the needless calling out of bodies of militia for patrolling peaceful little country towns, and culminated in a wave of hysterical hatred and malice when the Governor, enforcing a clause of the industrial-court law, sought to prevent the free expression of opinion favorable to the railroad-shop strikers.

Because William Allen White, a nationally known Kansan, was one of those arrested for expressing an opinion favorable to the railroad strikers, the country took note, and Kansas became the butt of the colyumist's jokes, far and wide. White's case is scheduled for hearing in the Kansas Supreme Court soon, and the rest of the country may be interested to learn whether it is possible in Kansas to send a man to jail for saying that he sympathizes with another man who happens to be out of work and out of food on account of a dispute about the wages to be paid by a big railway corporation.

White is but one of thousands of Kansans whose liberty of speech and of expression through the press and platform was denied and more or less successfully curtailed by the Government of Kansas, acting for the large employers of labor through the industrial court. But his is the most noted case, and it will perhaps serve as a test. A Democratic candidate for Congress, Rev. Clarence Hatfield, was forbidden even to mention the industrial court or the strike on the railroads in a political speech which he made on Labor Day in a little shop town. The orders were given by State military officers, in charge of the town, and were obeyed. Multitudes of persons who were not engaged in striking were compelled to remove from their windows placards which expressed sympathy for the strikers in dignified and non-inflammatory language.

Can you blame Kansas for voting in a farmer Governor, for once in a way, though he be a Democrat withal? This is what Kansas says by her vote: "Let anyone who likes it have the industrial court and the anti-free speech powers thereof. We are through with all such trappings, and we want to get back to our plowing in peace."

Elizabeth Goes to School

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

ELIZABETH is our first-born. Her six years on earth are powerless to render her of the earth. She lives in a childhood land of dolls, cut-outs, ring games, nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and glorious "pretend-like" adventures from which even an occasional spanking utterly fails to drag her.

Early in the spring school became a vital subject to Elizabeth. The neighbors' children played school on the front steps, and Elizabeth with her smaller sister was initiated into the pedagogical mysteries through the door of make-believe. And although the play school was more taken up with being sent to the principal, staying in at recess, and scoldings for being tardy than with lessons, still it all fitted harmoniously into her enchanted land.

Hence, when the day actually arrived, Elizabeth was eager for the real adventure. She was talkative to her smaller sister, and fidgety as her mother prepared her for the great occasion. With every detail complete from shoes to hair-bow, after the final maternal inspection she slipped her hand into mine, and with little sister's tears to bless her, departed. What was in her head as she trudged beside me I have no means of knowing. I have no analogous experience of my own by which even to conjecture. I know, however, that she walked as triumphantly and as importantly as a hen just emerging from her first period of incubation with one poor, wobbly chick. And thus she entered school.

I left her there, not without misgiving. Certain forebodings disturbed my return trip. They hung about the family table every day. Momentarily we expected their horrid realization. But day followed day and nothing occurred. Elizabeth came and went, always impatient to leave in the morning, always bubbling over with some new achievement, some new adventure in the evening. She learned new games and rhymes to teach her sister. She brought home a primer which was too precious for her sister to touch, and proudly exhibited her breathless facility in "reading." She

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THE SHAME

Do you know that the United States is th

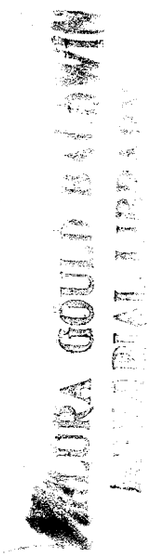
BURNED A

In Four Years 1918-1921, Twenty-Eight P

3,436 People L

For What Crimes Have Mobs Nullifi

The Alleged Crimes	The Victims
Murder	1288
Rape	571
Crimes against the Person	615
Crimes against Property	333
Miscellaneous Crimes	453
Absence of Crime	176
	3436



Is Rape the "

Of 3,436 people murdered by mobs in our country, only

83 WOMEN HAVE BEEN

Do lynchers maintain that t

AND THE LYN

THE

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill was passed on January 26, 1922, by a vote of 230 to 119 in the House of Representatives.

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill Provides:

That culpable State officers and mobbists shall be tried in Federal Courts on failure of State courts to act, and that a county in which a lynching occurs shall be fined $10,000, recoverable in a Federal Court.

The Principal Question Raised Against the Bill is upon the Ground of Constitutionality.

The *Constitutionality* of t

The Judiciary Committee
The Judiciary Committee
The United States Attorne
Judge Guy D. Goff, of the

The Senate has been petitioned
29 Lawyers and Jurists in
United States
19 State Supreme Court J

The Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill is not intended to protect the guilt

THE DYER ANTI-LYNCHING BILL IS NOW BEFORE THE SE

If you want to help the organization which has brought to light the facts about lynching, the organization
white or black, all of the time, send

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE

70 FIFTH AV

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)F AMERICA

Land on Earth where human beings are

E STAKE?

ublicly BURNED BY AMERICAN MOBS

ıed, 1889-1921

ınt and Inflicted the Death Penalty?

Why Some Mob Victims Died:
Not turning out of road for white boy in auto
Being a relative of a person who was lynched
Jumping a labor contract
Being a member of the Non-Partisan League
"Talking back" to a white man
"Insulting" white man

of Lynching?

n 17 per cent, were even *accused* of the crime of rape.

N THE UNITED STATES

ed for "the usual crime?"

UNPUNISHED

MEDY

re the United States Senate

ıs Been Affirmed by
Representatives

l adviser of Congress
Justice

ver Bill by
ner Attorneys General of the

24 State Governors
3 Archbishops, 85 bishops and prominent churchmen
39 Mayors of large cities, north and south

The American Bar Association at its meeting in San Francisco, August 9, 1922, adopted a resolution asking for further legislation by Congress to punish and prevent lynching and mob violence.

Fifteen State Conventions of 1922 (3 of them Democratic) have inserted in their party platforms a demand for national action to stamp out lynchings.

to every person accused of crime trial by due process of law.

EGRAPH YOUR SENATORS TODAY YOU WANT IT ENACTED

for 100 per cent Americanism, not for some of the people some of the time, but for all of the people,
J. E. SPINGARN, Treasurer of the

VANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE

ORK CITY

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regaled us excitedly with what Tom or Helen did at school to earn the teacher's rebuke. Teacher became a goddess or fairy, grand, beautiful, and correct. School was an extension of that delightful bowerland, forever unfolding new wonders.

And then it happened. It was only a very small thing, an ordinary childish question put to her mother. But it was realization of the entire train of tragic foreboding that had haunted the household every hour since Elizabeth entered school. "Mother," she asked one day, "why doesn't the teacher let me march with Dorothy any more, but always makes me march with Lucy?" Now, that seems a simple question. But two words complicate it. Two words change this whole story, and bring to the fore an ugly facet of the great many-sided lie which besmirches American democracy.

Elizabeth and Lucy are brown. Dorothy is white. Brown and white—those two little words—and the forebodings are realized. The teacher was true to form when she introduced Elizabeth to the American race problem at the age of six. Hereafter she marches with brown Lucy, not with white Dorothy, until the end of time. What the resultant ignorance of white and brown, each of the other's way, will produce in misunderstanding, prejudice, and hate is a consideration which apparently disturbs no one much, least of all Elizabeth.

Family councils have not revealed what reply was returned to Elizabeth. Inquiry, however, disclosed the fact that all the little brown children in the beginner's room, as elsewhere in the school, were seated together in the rear of the room. Again, painfully true to form in the separation of Negroes and whites with inference of inferiority by seating the brown children in the rear. And this to six-year-olds! The thought of deluging Elizabeth with these American horrors intensified the bitterness which I cannot avoid when I think of the Negro's place in America. Why not begin teaching this doctrine of race superiority in the nursery? Why not have the babies so indoctrinated before they reach the first grade that they will avoid the brown Elizabeths on sight? Is it not the parents' duty to give the child proper home training and cooperate with the teacher? Why doesn't the "great and growing city of Columbus," as one booster sign has it, why doesn't the great State of Ohio, boasted haven of fugitive slaves, famous port of underground railroad refugees, proud mother of Presidents, self-constituted guardian of democracy, public acclaimer of justice and equal rights, preacher of fair dealing to all races—why do not Ohio and its capital city come out as boldly for race segregation as Georgia, and cease this everlasting lying? There is a certain compelling admiration for the crook who admits his crookedness frankly and glories in it. It is the gentleman crook who is repulsive. Georgia's frankness is to be preferred to Ohio's insincerity.

With thoughts like these I went back to the school. I found Elizabeth's teacher agreeable, courteous, cultured, cheerful. She ushered me into her room with a warm welcome. The advanced section of beginners (that is, those who began in the middle of last term and are five months ahead of those like Elizabeth who began last month) was reading. They were seated in a semi-circle about the teacher. Two little brown boys were sitting together at one extremity of the semi-circle, while a little brown girl sat alone behind the others. In the other section Elizabeth was seated in the rear with a group of little brown children. I wonder if the teacher had some inner revelation of my feeling as I looked at the brown children? At any rate, she chose for me the subtlest form of flattery, calling Elizabeth to prompt an advanced boy and commending her when she did so correctly. I waited for a few moments and then asked:

"Is there any reason why all the little colored children should sit together in the rear? Is it a rule of the principal, the Board of Education, or of the State?"

"Why no," she said. "But don't you think it's nice for all the little colored ones to sit together?"—in a tone of pained surprise.

When I told her that I did not think it nice, she asked my objection. Upon my telling her she excused herself by saying that she was only one, and asked what she should do if she had "objections from the other side," meaning from white parents, I suppose. I suggested that she seat the children alphabetically, and she then began to explain, irrelevantly, that the seats were all filled, and finding herself floundering—I really was disturbing her recitation—she advised that I see the principal.

I found the principal cool, polite, and impenetrable. To all my objections concerning the marching and the seating she repeated "I don't understand." I tried to state my case. Once or twice I thought I had made an impression as she nervously fumbled the key to her desk, or dawdled with the beads dangling from her neck, but she only returned, "I really don't understand." She reminded me that all such minor matters were left to the teachers, and I then wondered why the teacher had advised me to come to the principal.

I hazard the guess, however, that this practice of separating brown and white, universally accepted in that school, is tacitly approved, if not ordered, by the principal. I told her that such separation taught hate, that it taught children that they were different, that the inference of inferiority was intended for colored children, that separated the two races grew up in ignorance of each other, that such ignorance led to misunderstanding, and that misunderstanding was the first step to hate. She repeated, "I do not understand," and she could not see that her failure to understand was the very result of the separation she defended. She denied that there was a particle of hate in her school, seemed fearful of what she implied was my antagonistic attitude, stressed the beautiful spirit of her school, enlightened me as to how long she had been there without any unhappiness, praised her numerous colored friends, injected a little soothing syrup into the interview by referring delicately and commendingly to my "type of educated man," graciously suggested that I might be a great somebody in the colored race, announced that after all she and I were quite different, and was altogether a charming person receiving a rather misguided, unhappy, and unfortunately notional parent.

I went to the school sorry for Elizabeth because of this heartless and unnecessary forcing upon her a glimpse of what inevitably lies ahead of her. But Elizabeth lives in an enchanted land unruffled by thoughts of the future. I think I am now sorry for that principal. She lives in a hard shell of preconceptions. No consideration of the daily mounting powder-pile of hate America is building for some mad-cap to fire, nor of her own part and responsibility in the hideous enterprise remotely aroused her consciousness. The shell was impenetrable. She did not understand.

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Portland's Mayor-Made Revolution

By B. A. GREEN

LONGSHOREMEN affiliated with the American Federation of Labor called a strike against the Waterfront Employers Association in Portland, Oregon, in May and June of this year. The strike was settled by the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation, but conditions were not much bettered, and in October both the Longshoremen's Association and the Marine Transport Workers, a branch of the I.W.W., voted to strike. On Friday, October 13, about 675 men affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and 275 I.W.W. members struck. Picket lines were established immediately and everything was very peaceful. An enthusiastic mass meeting held on Saturday, October 14, in the Labor Temple, was attended by approximately three thousand strikers and strike sympathizers. On Monday, October 16, the Mayor called into conference the accredited representatives of the American Federation of Labor, and on the following morning he issued a statement branding the strike as a "revolution" and declaring that the city was in the "throes of a revolution." He called upon all citizens to rally to the defense of law and order, and declared that an army of 25,000 I.W.W.'s, fully armed, was marching upon Portland and that they planned to seize all transportation facilities in Portland and to use the city as a base for attacking other communities. A statement, published by the representatives of the American Federation of Labor with whom the Mayor had conferred, challenged all of these assertions and charged that the Mayor was only playing the game of the Waterfront Association.

However, since the Mayor had proclaimed a revolution, a revolution there must be. During the night preceding his proclamation, the Police Department swooped down on the picket lines near the docks and arrested hundreds of persons. Many men who were hauled to jail and subjected to criminal procedure were workers with lunch-pails in their hands. Police records do not show exactly how many were arrested—probably about 500—in the first raid. Every man affiliated with the I.W.W. was held as a vagrant. In the first raid 275 men were held under that section of the ordinance which describes a vagrant as "an idle and dissolute person, without visible means of support, who does not seek employment, and who refuses employment when employment is offered."

The men released were subjected to a night "kangaroo court" by officials. Thumb-prints of every man were taken on the pretext that the prints could be used as a sure means of identification of property left at the time of arrest. But the thumb-prints are filed in the criminal record room. Many of those arrested had lived in Portland for years, one since 1880. Another man, 47 years old, was born in Portland. Officials did not take the trouble to prepare complaints. Warrants were not asked for, although the State courts of record have universally held that an arrest under this section of the vagrancy ordinance cannot be made without a warrant duly issued by a magistrate. At the trials the only testimony given by the city was: "All these men are I.W.W.'s." Be it said to their credit every man admitted membership in the I.W.W., knowing that such admission might subject him to a felony charge of criminal syndicalism.

Orders were issued to arrest every I.W.W. member in Portland; men regularly engaged in selling I.W.W. periodicals were arrested and charged as vagrants. A blanket order was issued that any man with a Marine Transport Workers' button should be arrested and held as a vagrant. This meant the arrest of every I.W.W. striker. All trains coming into Portland, passenger as well as freight, were carefully searched. Men wearing workingmen's clothes were held to be suspicious characters. The City Council appropriated $10,000 to stem the "revolution," and employed one hundred or more special policemen. Thus the "revolution" was born.

During the first day all men arrested were discharged and warned to keep away from the docks. But vigilant policemen rearrested each man within a few hours. On the second day, October 16, all were discharged except sixteen, who were given ninety-day suspended sentences and ordered from town. The cases were immediately appealed but on the morning of October 17 the men were forcibly taken to the city limits and told to keep going. On Saturday, October 18, three more were deported in the same manner.

Meanwhile a raid was made upon the I.W.W. hall, with a palpably illegal search warrant. Literature, books, personal property, and everything in the hall was carted to the police station. This hall had been used for almost three years; it was openly advertised as an I.W.W. hall; the windows carried signs; a large sign was at the entrance; a rental of $100 per month was paid. Here the I.W.W. had its offices, its assembly room, its fixtures, its piano, library, and necessary furnishings. It would be safe to say that 15,000 men each year used this hall as their home in passing back and forth from the logging camps, harvest fields, and construction jobs. On October 20, between 4 and 5 p. m., all the seized property was suddenly returned under court order. Everything was in good condition. At 5:15 the exponents of "law and order," this time without any warrant or authority, again swooped down upon the hall, arrested every man in it, seized all books, magazines, record books, papers, library books, tipped over the library shelves, and threw the whole mass of equipment and literature into boxes as though it were mere garbage. These were taken to the jail, thrown upon the jail floor in front of the door, and the seventy-three men arrested were compelled as they entered the jail to walk over their own books, literature, and personal effects. Every man entering, or attempting to enter the hall that night, was arrested. These men were released again the next morning. As fast as the municipal judge released them they returned to the hall and were rearrested and brought back to jail. Some of them had not been out of the courtroom ten minutes before they were back in jail. This was called to the attention of the judge and he adjourned court for a time, I am told, and held a conference with the Chief of Police, but the arrests continued. The officers left the hall about noon. At 4:45 p. m. the hall was again raided and fifty-three men were arrested, thirty-two of whom had been arrested and discharged three or four times in that week. The fifty-three men were placed in a bull-pen ten by eighteen

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feet, and were held there for eighteen hours. Even to lie down on the floor was an impossibility; they were packed in like sardines. At least eight of these men were overseas veterans. Meanwhile the regular cells were vacant.

Policemen remained at the hall until October 25, the end of the Mayor's "revolution." Permission to enter was refused all persons. Every man near the hall who looked like a workingman was arrested. On Sunday, October 22, about 300 men gathered in front of the hall and demanded that they be either admitted or arrested. They were not accommodated.

On Monday and Tuesday, October 23 and 24, few arrests were made. Preparations were made to file injunction proceedings against the city officials, but on October 25 the arrests of pickets and news vendors stopped and the "revolution" was over. The casualties were as follows: Twenty men out of six hundred held by the judge to be undesirable, nineteen deported, and nine sentenced to the rock pile. Not a single man was found drunk. With one exception no charge could be placed save vagrancy. Not an act of violence was committed by any member of the I.W.W. or person on strike. There had not been a single act of violence before the Mayor opened his "revolution," and there has not been a single act of violence since. No emergency existed. No call had been sent out for an I.W.W. "army" to come to Portland, and the whole "revolution" was a brainstorm of the Mayor. In all this time there were only three arrests for disorderly conduct—two for calling men scabs, and one for swearing at passers-by.

Thus ended the "revolution," conceived in subserviency to the Waterfront Employers Association, born in stupidity, and nurtured in abysmal ignorance. Arrests have ceased. The hall is open, papers are being sold, pickets are unmolested. Peace reigns at last on that portion of Main Street included within the limits of the city of Portland, Oregon —except for the strike which continues as an ordinary industrial conflict.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is in a state of apoplectic indignation. For five years he has been intermittently reporting, in the pages of *The Nation,* upon the accidental beauty of New York, and after all his musings one of the carping editors of that sheet writes four-and-a-half abusive pages about a magnificent city. This editor speaks of "leaves withered by the noxious exhalations of the city," and says that "the public is warned away from what little patches of grass manage to break through the crusted earth." The Drifter feels hurt. Had the editor been a more faithful reader of his own paper he might recall the Drifter's announcement, two years ago, that he was digging a garden in New York City, and have paused to inquire from one of the Drifter's agricultural experience whether the exhalations of the city really poisoned tufts of grass and green leaves.

* * * * *

THE Drifter hardly knows where he would have begun in his resentful reply. He might have opened with an account of the scarlet tanager that spent a happy week one spring among the skyscrapers in City Hall Park, quite content with the good brown earth (which is brought in by the Park Department each autumn) and with the good green grass that grows there. Or he might have told of emerging on to the roof of one of the Hudson Terminal Buildings on a windy April noon, and finding the air full of the pipings of a flock of white-throated sparrows which were flitting about among the privets which luxuriate on the roofs of that and neighboring buildings. A few months ago he might have led his critical friend down into the underground wilderness of the Grand Central Station and have tried to rediscover with him the path to the westernmost track, whence, in August or September, his eyes might have feasted upon a vacant field afire with golden-rod and aster, there in the heart of the caterwauling city.

* * * * *

AS a matter of fact the Drifter read the article in galley proofs and, instead of vocalizing his indignation, went to his garden and plucked—in November, and from under the shadow of a smoking factory—marigold and sweet alyssum and chrysanthemums, which he deposited as a symbolic battle-cry upon the editor's desk. The busy editor hardly noticed them. He did, after abstractedly reading his mail, glance about the desk, and ask, in a worried way, "What's all this?" He did not alter his article or even consult the Drifter about it. The miracle of blossom coaxed out from under the soot and grime and accumulated broken glass and ashes of a downtown New York back yard did not intrigue him. He did not even ask the Drifter what fertilizer he used.

* * * * *

THERE are other passages in that article which intrigued the Drifter. "Courtship in New York," the writer said, "is of necessity hurried, furtive, interrupted, irrationally exposed or confined." Where *do* New York's young folks propose to each other? Or don't they propose in these hurried days? Where there is no back stoop and no front parlor, but only a tenement doorway or an apartment court, where do the young folks make love? Is it on the roof? Or do the Sunday hegiras to the Palisades and to Staten Island mean the great opportunity? The Drifter knows one ideal spot for courting, but only one, in lower Manhattan. It is on the corner of a dock on the tip of Corlear's Hook, hidden by a warehouse from the city streets, but open to the magnificent curve of the East River and to the arching sweep of the Williamsburg Bridge. The Drifter hastens to add that he has been there but once, and that in the company of the editor of the *Survey.*

* * * * *

WHAT a confirmation Ernest Gruening's remark, "'If you don't know you get killed' is New York's imprint on its denizens," was the pathetic story of the Gallos—the Czecho-Slovak peasant couple who lost each other in the labyrinth which is known as the subway, where roaring trains rush back and forth in subterranean passages, pausing at platforms surging with humanity only long enough for one mob to pry itself out and for another to crash its way in. They met, as the newspapers told all the world, only at the morgue. The woman had died of heart failure after wandering the streets for hours in frightened bewilderment. The fault, we were told, of a surly subway guard, who slammed the door that separated the couple. Not so much anybody's fault, really, as a raw slice of modern civilization—civilization anywhere, but especially civilization in New York. The god of speed, of complexity, of materialism—is it getting us anywhere, or are we lost in a labyrinth, as confused and helpless as the Gallos in the New York subway?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Another Version of the Moscow Trial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call your attention to some of the errors in Mr. Paxton Hibben's article, Moscow's Treason Trial, which appeared in *The Nation* of September 27? Mr. Hibben makes the point that the Social Revolutionaries were convicted not because of their participation in the killing of Volodarsky or the attempt on the life of Lenin, but because of their counter-revolutionary activities in relation with the Paris Nonpartisan Organization.

To begin with, the specific charge against the Social Revolutionaries by the Soviet authorities was precisely the participation in the assassination of Volodarsky and the attempt upon the life of Lenin. This is well known to the editors of *The Nation* who published in the issue of July 5 the complete arraignment of the Soviet Government against the accused. This argument contained not a word about the Paris Nonpartisan Organization. What is more, Vandervelde and the other Socialists were asked by the Soviet Government to take up the defense just on that charge. But the Soviet authorities were unable to prove the affiliation of the leaders of the Social Revolutionaries with the self-confessed murderers. Therefore, Mr. Hibben makes little of it. He dismisses the real indictment against the condemned with a cynical gesture. He does not tell his readers that the people who confessed to the killing of Volodarsky and the attempt upon the life of Lenin are free; that by turning state's evidence and declaring their penitence they bought their membership in the Communist Party. These servants of the Czar have become servants of the Bolsheviki.

But let us return to Mr. Hibben's second accusation about the activities of the condemned in the Paris Nonpartisan Organization. This whole argument is an invention. The Bolsheviki never charged the condemned with either personal participation or affiliation in the organization, nor were they charged with accepting money from these sources. The Bolsheviki accused some members of the Social Revolutionary Party—Kerensky, Avksentiev, etc.—of participation in this organization and insisted that the defendants in Moscow must be held responsible for the actions of all the members of their party. This was as near as the Soviet Government dared to go in its accusation against the defendants of counter-revolutionary work in connection with foreign governments. That this charge had nothing to do with the trial was apparent to every one. The condemned were in prison during the organization and existence of the organization in question. And when the Social Revolutionaries were arrested and brought to trial the Bolshevik authorities were still ignorant of the existence of this organization. The papers upon which the Soviet authorities based their accusation against the European members of the Social Revolutionary Party were only stolen from Kerensky during the later part of the trial. These papers were stolen by the monarchists. The monarchists gave them to the Bolsheviks at the very end of the trial. This evidently explains why Mr. Hibben is interested only in the final phases of the trial. Only the very end of the trial makes this distorted point at all possible. I can declare emphatically that the papers which were stolen from Kerensky were doctored. I have the Bolshevik publication before me, and I am acquainted with the facsimiles. They were meant only for consumption in Russia. With that as an objective, the Soviet authorities did not scruple to add or in some instances to remove what did not suit their purpose.

When Mr. Hibben eulogizes the silence in the courtroom, he refers only to the time of Krilenko's summing up for the state. It was quite another story when the defense spoke. Then visitors were allowed to interrupt the speakers continually. At times shouts and insults filled the room. The click of the machinery for movies was always present and added to the confusion. Evidently getting hand-picked information is not conducive to accuracy. But do not the eyes and ears function the same in Russia as elsewhere?

New York, November 2 MANYA GORDON STRUNSKY

" . . . Then It Must Be War"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Even in the excitement of the Near East situation, I cannot see how anyone could have misinterpreted the editorial in the *Christian Register* of September 21 as John Haynes Holmes did in his article in your issue of October 25. We believe and have believed the Turks have been sinned against as well as sinning. Instead of an alarm that we should prepare for war, we fairly shouted that if our nation did not get into international councils war would probably come and engulf us and the world. Mr. Holmes mistakes our warning of a danger for a call to arms. We have been pleading for three long years that we become a member of the League of Nations.

The only adverse criticism of the editorial we have received from our readers came from the pacifists Mr. Pinkham and Mr. Dole. Only pacifists seem to have misunderstood it. The *Register* is not a pacifist organ. Our position all the time has been that this country should do the right thing. If that means peace, as it has in many critical instances in our foreign relations, very well. If it means war, much as we (oppose) war, then it must be war. Our duty is to do the right as we see the right, and take the consequences. We are not doing our duty now by our policy of isolation. We can not serve peace that way.

Boston, November 17 ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH,
Editor of the *Christian Register*

[Mr. Holmes's point was precisely that the *Register*, "much as it opposes war," was ready to accept war.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Class and Creed at Barnard

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the letter regarding Barnard College to which you have called my attention in your issue of October 4, and also your editorial article on admissions at Harvard in the same issue. I remember very well the case dealt with in the letter. As we explained at the time, the only reason we had for rejecting this applicant was that, in the judgment of our Committee on Admissions, she did not seem as promising a student as the others whom we admitted. No doubt, being human, we sometimes make mistakes, but the responsibility of choosing is ours, and we have to do the best we can.

We are particularly anxious to have Barnard a college where New York girls, of every class and creed, can meet girls from other parts of the country and from other nations. We feel that it is very important that women of many different kinds should learn, in their college days, to know one another and to work together for the good of the community. Like many other colleges, we have found that the mere ability to pass a certain set of examinations with high marks is not necessarily the most important evidence of scholarly promise and general future usefulness. We are trying to work out fuller and better tests of worth. Personally I am deeply interested in the problem of getting Jew and Gentile to live together helpfully as useful fellow-citizens in our country. My interest in this has been caused by various things—most of all by my friendship and admiration for a great Jew, the late Jacob Schiff. The problem is not, I think, quite so simple as it apparently seems to you. I shall be very glad if in my work I can contribute in any way, however slight, to solving it. Meanwhile it frequently strikes me that the chief reward of labor in this field is blame and reproaches from both sides. But this, I suppose, is inevitable.

New York, October 20 VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE,
Dean of Barnard College

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International Relations Section

A Free (French) Rhineland

A SECRET report was recently presented to M. Poincaré by M. Dariac, sent by the French Premier as a commissioner to investigate the industry and economics of the Rhine provinces. The text of the report, taken from the *Manchester Guardian* for November 2, is as follows:

It will be remembered that the occupation of the Düsseldorf bridgehead was provoked by the ill-will which Germany showed in meeting her engagements in 1921. It was after the London agreement of May 5, 1921, and the ultimatum which resulted from it, that it was decided to adopt the military sanctions consisting of the occupation of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Ruhrort, and the neighboring region, and the economic sanctions consisting of the control of the Rhenish Customs and the establishment of a Customs barrier at the limit of our zone of occupation. The economic sanctions were dropped in September, 1921, following the German acceptance of the ultimatum; but the military sanctions have remained in force as a means of pressure on our former enemies.

The feature of this region of occupation is its very accentuated industrial character, which makes of it a pledge in our hands of quite the first importance for the recovery of the sums which Germany has undertaken to pay us.

In existing circumstances, indeed, the Ruhr, and in particular the region of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, Ruhrort, which we are occupying, and which forms its head, constitutes the principal element of German wealth, which is based entirely on iron and coal, their transformations and their derivatives. The majority of the great German consortiums have been formed there, have their headquarters and their establishments there, and the ten or twelve industrialists who direct them rule, directly or indirectly, but absolutely, the economic destinies of Germany. (Metallurgy, coal, coal derivatives, dyestuffs, manures, shipping companies, import and export of raw materials or manufactured goods.)

To give an idea of the importance and the prosperity of this region we will simply recall a few figures:

Of the 191 millions of tons of coal which Germany produced in 1913, 115 millions came from the Ruhr.

Of this Germany distilled 50 to 55 million tons, of which 10 millions were destined for the production of illuminating gas and about 45 millions for the production of 32 million tons of metallurgical coke, of which 25 millions came from the Ruhr. The by-products of distillation, carefully collected, gave nearly 500,000 tons of sulphate of ammonia, 400,000 tons of tar, etc., a million tons coming from the Ruhr.

This tar, distilled and redistilled, in turn produced the benzols, phenols, and all the multitude of by-products which supplied the monster dyestuff factories, the factories making the pharmaceutical products with which the Germans inundated the world, the factories for the synthetic perfumes which they mixed with the French products of natural origin, etc.

Perfumes, medicaments, dyestuffs, tars and tar derivatives, ammonium sulphate, the fosterfather of Germany's agriculture, metallurgical coke indispensable for her blast furnaces and for the French blast furnaces—all this is obtained only from coal. But after the loss of the Saar (18 million tons) and of the Polish section of Upper Silesia (28 million tons) practically all the production of German coal is concentrated in the Ruhr basin (115 million tons out of a theoretical total of 145 million tons, of which 20 millions have to be reserved for deliveries to the Allies).

Similarly, from the metallurgical point of view, before the war the German production of cast-iron amounted to about 19 million tons, of which nine millions were produced by the Ruhr blast furnaces; the loss of Lorraine and Upper Silesia have reduced the possible production to 11 million tons.

The steel production exceeded 19 million tons, of which 10 millions was produced in the Ruhr.

We say nothing of the slag of dephosphorization and of all the other less important by-products.

As regards her general trade, Germany exported annually, out of a total of ten milliard gold marks, more than 700 millions' worth of coal, coke, and briquettes. Her exports of cast-iron were about a million tons. Her exports of steel (various steel products) were six to seven million tons, of which the money value amounted roughly to

Steel products, nearly 1,900 million gold marks;
Various machines, about 950 millions.

The remainder of the exports was made up largely of dyestuffs, pharmaceutical products, perfumes, etc., derived from coal.

French Pre-war Production

The figures for the whole of the French production before the war are obviously unable to compare with the production of the Ruhr, the extent of which, however, does not equal that of a small French Department. We recall them below:

Coal, 40 million tons (reduced today to 25 millions).
Coke, 3,500,000 tons.
Tar, 300,000 to 400,000 tons.
Sulphate of ammonia, 50,000 tons.
Cast-iron, 5 to 6 million tons.
Steel, 4 to 5 million tons.

It may suffice to set against these figures those of the production of a single one of the consortiums of the Ruhr, the Stinnes group:

Coal, 18,300,000 tons.
Coke, 4,565,000 tons.
Tar, 129,000 tons.
Sulphate of ammonia, 59,000 tons.
Steel, 2,600,000 tons.
Cast-iron, 2,119,200 tons.

It is this industrial power alone which has made the greatness and the prosperity of Germany; from the agricultural point of view, before the war, and despite an intensive culture unrivaled in Europe, Germany bought abroad nearly three milliard gold marks' worth of foodstuffs of every sort (wheat, barley, rice, maize, coffee, fruits, wine, oils, cattle, etc.). This means in effect that Germany's food supply was only assured through the production of her industries (coal, dyestuffs, metals, chemical and textile industries, etc.).

"In Germany," as Vogler, Stinnes's chief lieutenant, has said, "the potato is a coal by-product."

The large-scale industry, the "heavy industry" of the Ruhr, concentrated entirely in the hands of a few individuals, is thus called to play a decisive part in the events which will unfold themselves in Germany's future.

The Great Industrialists

In this field the Stinnes, the Thyssens, the Krupps, the Haniels, the Kloeckners, the Funkes, the Mannesmanns, and some three or four others play in Germany an economic role analogous to that of the Carnegies, the Rockefellers, the Harrimans, the Vanderbilts, and the Goulds in America; they also carry on a political activity unknown among the American billionaires. From the point of view of reparations they have already offered to substitute themselves for the German state for carrying out the payment of the Allied claims, or at all events the first ones, but on conditions which have been adjudged unacceptable.

From their account they alone are capable, through their continually growing transactions, through the credit which foreigners do not fail to grant them, to provide the German state, by way of loan, with the gold and securities and foreign bills

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which it would itself never be able to obtain by means of a depreciated mark. In other words, they generously offer to lend to the state, at a good rate of interest, the sums which the fiscal authorities would have a right to demand from them without further ado after the voting of taxes. And, in fact, if the paper mark plunges down day after day, the means of production of the Stinnes and Thyssens and Krupps and Haniels and their colleagues remain intact and are worth gold. This is what gives value to our occupation of the country. No doubt we do not hold the whole of the Ruhr, but by our simple occupation at present we hold in reality the whole of its industrial production under our domination.

"We Can Utterly Disorganize Their Industry"

We occupy, indeed, the greater part of the basin, in which there have been established the blast furnaces which produce the cast-iron, as well as the ports of the Ruhr and the Rhine through which these blast furnaces are supplied with ores. Thus we cut in two the metallurgical establishments; we can, when we wish, separate from their coal, their ore, their cast-iron and steel production, the connected and complementary establishments which only complete their products in unoccupied Germany; we can utterly disorganize the industry of the potentates of Düsseldorf, Duisburg, and Ruhrort.

The small table below, giving details of a few groups, throws up this situation plainly; the places in italics are those which are within the zone occupied by our troops. It will be seen that the whole of the cast-iron which, after transformation into steel, supplies the Krupp establishments at Essen and their annexes comes from Rheinhausen (Düsseldorf bridgehead); the limit of the Düsseldorf bridgehead similarly divides the Thyssen establishments and permits us to break the circuit of manufacture when we wish, etc.

Krupp Group

	Production in tons
Coal	5,500,000
Coke	1,900,000
Tar	54,000
Sulphate of ammonia	22,000
Cast-iron	1,500,000
Steel	1,300,000

Blast furnaces at *Rheinhausen* (1,400,000 tons) and *Neuwied* (100,000 tons); steelworks at *Rheinhausen*, Annen, and Essen; forges and rolling mills at *Rheinhausen;* construction of railway material and agricultural machines at Essen and Berlin.

Bridge material and machinery at Essen, *Benrath;* optical instruments, Dresden; naval construction, Magdeburg, Kiel; wire rope and cables, Hamm (Westphalia); automobiles, Essen, etc.

Thyssen Group

	Production in tons
Coal	5,500,000
Coke	1,800,000
Tar	57,000
Sulphate	25,000
Cast-iron	1,200,000
Steel	1,200,000

Blast furnaces and steelworks, *Hamborn, Brückhausen,* and *Meidrich;* forges and rolling mills, *Düsseldorf, Hamborn, Brückhausen,* and Neissholz; manufacture of every sort of machinery, Mulheim-on-Ruhr; electrical machinery, Overneck, Mulheim, Königsberg; section iron, rolling mills of *Hamborn, Brückhausen,* and Dinsleken.

Haniel Group

	Production in tons
Coal	7,700,000
Coke	1,600,000
Tar	22,000
Sulphate	10,000
Cast-iron	800,000
Steel	850,000

Blast furnaces, Oberhausen; steelworks, *Düsseldorf;* semi-manufactures, Oberhausen and *Düsseldorf;* section iron, Altenhunden, *Düsseldorf,* and Oberhausen.

Various machines, *Düsseldorf;* wire, Gelsenkirchen, *Düsseldorf,* Osnabrück; locomotives and motors, Augsburg, Nurnberg, *Duisburg, Mainz, Gustavburg.*

Similarly the Phœnix group of *Duisburg* produces in its collieries, blast furnaces, and steelworks of *Ruhrort,* Horde, and Dortmund 5,200,000 tons of coal and 1,600,000 tons of steel, the largest wrought-steel production in Germany after the Stinnes consortium. These establishments possess a large tube factory at *Düsseldorf,* rolling mills at Benrath, wireworks at Hamm.

Neighbors of the Phœnix establishments are the Rheinische Stahlwerke, at the junction of the Ruhr and the Rhine. Their colossal aspect, their magnificent organization, their enormous stocks of ore in the northern part of the port of *Ruhrort,* greatly impressed us. They produce 5,000,000 tons of coal, 600,000 tons of cast-iron, etc.

The French Advantage

So long as we maintain our present position on the Rhine we shall thus constitute a constant menace for the ten or twelve masters of German industry who are in reality financially the masters of Germany.

From this point of view it is very regrettable that we have been led to abandon the economic sanctions which accompanied our occupation of Düsseldorf in 1921; the Customs barrier established between the occupied zone and free Germany, if it did not give great results in immediate return,* nevertheless was in its simple presence a reminder that the circulation of the products between the factories producing crude metal and the factories working upon it was at our mercy, and that we could, by a simple raising of tariffs, either levy a virtually unlimited tithe upon the German metal industry or completely disorganize it. And this perspective alone would have been of a sort which would suggest to the German Government, or its councils, suitable means for facilitating the rapid payment of its war debt. But recriminations avail nothing. In the existing circumstances, how can we profit by the pledge which we thus hold?

To begin with, there is one question which should be outside all debate: we cannot dream of abandoning this pledge.

At the moment the German state is unable to pay us from its normal resources; the systematic squandering in which it has indulged for a year past, its fiduciary inflation, now reaching 155 milliards, are material facts which no one can alter.

But there are in Germany coal syndicates, iron, steel, dyestuffs syndicates, etc. If any Germany is to pay us it will be that of the Stinnes and Thyssens and Krupps and of the great syndicates, the true holders of German capital; the Germany of the great consortiums will find abroad all the credits it desires. We must therefore retain at all costs our means of eventual action against this producing Germany, which has succeeded in organizing itself. At present we can destroy it or utilize it by controlling it; it feels this permanent menace weighing upon it; and from now onward we see all the shapes which can be taken by the utilization of this pledge.

To begin with, it is possible that the mere menace will inspire the German Government, counseled and assisted by the industrialists of the Ruhr, themselves desirous of evading a constraint of which they feel that we alone are the masters, with proposals which would be of a nature to give us satisfaction for the moment. But let us not be deceived: if the great industrialists concede to the German Government credits and facilities for the payment of the first arrears of its debt—a thing they will not do without good guaranties secured on the rail-

* During the seven months of the duration of the economic sanctions the eastern Customs barrier produced about 200,000,000 marks paper, while the Rhenish Customs, which would have functioned in any case, produced about 1,200,000,000 marks, say 250 million francs paper.

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ways or other state property—it will be in order to endeavor to rid themselves of the Nessus shirt which the occupation of the Düsseldorf bridgehead constitutes for them.

Three years' experience has shown us how little confidence we can place in German good-will; let us beware, then, of abandoning a pledge which we can have available for exploiting if this good-will, always uncertain, should begin to flag.

Suggested Customs and Capital Levy

In the case of the insolvency of Germany we can still, while leaving full scope to the functioning of the German metal industry, reestablish the Customs barrier between our bridgeheads and the unoccupied territory, and levy on inward and outward goods duties which, suitably graduated, would replenish the reparations chest. This would be a levy on the profits of a limited category of producers, easy to collect, and, in view of the universal employment of coal and its derivatives, would inevitably be borne in the last analysis by the mass of the German people. As to the rate of this levy, it would be for the Allies to fix it in proportion to the greater or less good-will of Germany to acquit herself by other means.

One of these means, which we might suggest to the German Government if it took too long over thinking of it, should be to impose a participation of the state in the profits of the exploitation of the capital represented by the great industries; the compulsory creation of shares representing for each enterprise one-fourth or one-fifth of its capital, and their assignment to the German Government, under the control of our Committee of Guaranties, would, for example, constitute an easy levy on the capital of these industries, of which we should then have every interest in facilitating the development. Another conceivable method would be for these securities to serve as the basis of an international loan, which would at once relieve the finances of the Allies simultaneously with those of the Germans. It is clear how the possession of the pledge which we hold in the Ruhr invests our action of persuasion or constraint with suppleness.

And finally, without employing constraint, is it not possible to imagine a utilization of the Ruhr by a collaboration, a friendly *entente* between France and the Allies on the one part and Germany on the other, with permanent control of its means of production?

The Rhine separates two great metallurgical regions: on one side the Ruhr, with its nine million tons of cast-iron (1913 yield), absorbing annually 18 to 25 million tons of ore; on the other side, the Lorraine region (including the Saar), the productive capacity of which is also nine million tons of cast-iron.

The ironmasters of the Ruhr have available (in times of normal production) indefinite quantities of coal, but quite insufficient quantities of ore, since the new Germany produces no more than seven to eight million tons, for a consumption which before the war amounted to 48 million tons and would still easily reach 30 millions. On the other hand, the ironmasters in the Lorraine group have available twice as much ore as they can work. Before the war Lorraine, France, Algeria, and Tunisia produced normally 45 million tons of iron ore; now our industrialists work up nine millions, and they will work up 25 millions when all the blast furnaces (including those of Lorraine and the Saar) are in full working; on the other hand, they absolutely require for their blast furnaces the coke of the Ruhr. Hackneyed conclusion, a hundred times repeated: the French metal industry cannot live without the German coke, the German metal industry can only reach half its full development if it is deprived of French ore.

At present the German metal industry is creating new means of production, building the foundations of its recovery, and organizing its future. The industrialists who have lost their establishments in Lorraine have been liberally indemnified by the German Government; they have diverted their capital to the right bank of the Rhine to reconstitute in the Ruhr establishments destined to replace those which they have lost in Lorraine. The enlargements recently built by Thyssen and those which we have seen under construction at Homburg are significant. And, despite some partial strikes, all these factories are fully at work, and at costs which the exchange renders ludicrous. But that will only last so long as there remain raw materials in the country; no doubt there are heaps of ore in reserve, and it continues to arrive daily from Spain, Sweden, etc.—but at what prices?

Cannot France envisage the exchange of German metallurgical coke and French ore as a friendly exploitation offering the bases of a true industrial association?

"A Control of German Production"

We cannot demand that Germany shall pay enormous sums for 35 years, and on the other hand we are afraid of seeing her industries develop in the proportion which would permit her to assure the payment of the debts which she has acknowledged. But so long as we are on the right bank of the Rhine and are masters of 45 million tons a year of ore we shall be in a position to play a decisive part in the German metal industry, demanding a control of production in return. And no doubt this will be the solution of the future. So long as the Committee of Guaranties limits itself to controlling the German finances it will do no more than periodically report a series of monetary disasters which it will be impotent to alter. The day when it has the power to control Germany's industrial production we shall be in a position to profit by her economic prosperity.

As soon, moreover, as we have control of a share in the German capital we shall have an interest in seeing it as fruitful as possible; for money payments and supplies in kind are at the bottom of every system of payment, and one may discern the whole series of economic agreements, wider in scope than those of Wiesbaden, which may result.

The German industrialists profess openly that the union of German coke and French ore would have great results, and that if the two peoples could conclude directly with one another reparation agreements of which those of Wiesbaden are but the prelude, all problems would simplify themselves rapidly.

Our occupation of the Düsseldorf bridgehead should lead us, with a little skill, to the realization of the only two methods of payment which will give us real satisfaction: a German loan, secured on German capital, and the recovery of economic life.

French Policy in the Rhineland

The Rhinelander certainly does not love the Prussian, a greedy and disagreeable functionary installed in this kindly country, with his concern for strict discipline and his spirit of authority. There is a Rhenish psychology, complex enough and yet easily unraveled. These marches have been the price of every victory, the ransom of every defeat; men at arms have heavily tramped down their soil. The troops of Louis XIV, of Louis XV, of Napoleon succeeded one another there, and were replaced by those of Frederick the Great or of Blucher. Geographically, intellectually their pole is on the west. Acts of force, the great disasters of the end of the Empire, cast them politically into the Prussian system. Reluctantly the populations accepted it; but this Prussian system has presented itself to them under the aspect of ordered progress, of economic prosperity, of various reforms, and if its unpleasing rigidity was at first revolting to these people of semi-Latin culture, who had lived in the secular anarchy of an historical subdivision but had been immersed in *belles lettres* and had experienced the sweetness of a beneficent liberty and of perhaps uncertain but still real democratic aspirations, they forgave these martinets with their barrack-room methods and their dry discipline in consideration of an unprecedented prosperity which seemed to secure the hegemony of Europe to Prussian Germany.

There came the great catastrophe of 1918. In the first months of 1919 the Rhineland expected modifications in its national status. It anticipated French annexation, or autonomy, and if the first of these eventualities awakened, if not resistance—the Rhenish populations are sufficiently malleable to accept the de-

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cisions of force—at least disquietude, the second appeared, on the whole, to be desired. The Versailles peace arrived at a third solution: inter-Allied occupation for five, ten, or fifteen years, but with the maintenance of the Rhineland within the German unit. The most that has been done has been to impose certain inter-Allied organizations on the solid texture of the administrative organization of the Reich; the Prussian functionary has remained, and with him the perspective of a future in no way differing from the past.

Instead of the autonomy which was within a few months to find expression in the adventure of Dr. Dorten, it was in the main a case of the *status quo*, and if the Rhinelanders saw French, British, American, or Belgian soldiers mounting guard along their great river, they were regarded as temporary and inconvenient guests, encamped purely in order to assure the observation of the peace treaty. There followed the events of 1920-1921: the desire of Germany to escape from her engagements; conferences, arrangements, ultimatums; formal declarations from the French Government that it would not evacuate the left bank of the Rhine until the Versailles treaty was executed in full; the threat of the occupation of the Ruhr.

The Rhenish populations attentively followed the development of the crisis; anxious as to their destinies, they awaited French statements which might define them. If the military occupation was to be prolonged, they foresaw certain collaborations, which would be very difficult if this occupation was to be precarious. Forcible words were followed by feeble actions; the hand fell without gripping the shoulder of the perjured Germany; the London Conference reduced our rights, curtailed our claim, gave the populations of Rhenish Prussia or of the Bavarian palatinate the clear impression that our country had embarked on the path of concessions, that France though unpaid, would not realize the pledge which she held in her hand, this Rhineland prepared to adapt herself to fresh formulas but prudent and insufficiently heroic to break with her lord of yesterday, who, once our soldiers were gone, would remain her lord of tomorrow. May, 1921, was for us, from Mainz to Cologne, the painful period in which our policy of abandonment made its appearance.

Prussian propaganda was encouraged by this bankruptcy. It redoubled in intensity; it affirmed that with the bad times over, the Reich was soon to recover the mastery of its western provinces.

In face of this campaign the Rhinelanders drew back more, and since then the situation has become more delicate. The French Government therefore owes it to itself, as, indeed, the High Commissariat has understood, to practice a Rhenish policy based on collaboration in the economic field, a policy of conciliation and of *rapprochement* toward the populations.

Right to Continue Occupation

The whole of French policy in the Rhineland is at all times subordinate to one primary condition, the prolonged maintenance of our army of the Rhine in the occupied territories. Without this assurance this policy is disastrously precarious. The populations, as we have seen, do not wish to compromise themselves for a cause of which the weakness is obvious since it is limited in time—and limited by a fixed date—and uncertain in regard to its means of action.

In the life of a nation five, ten, or fifteen years count for little. If we had to withdraw at the end of these short periods our role must be limited to an occupation by way of military guaranties. Must we, on the contrary, remain. All sorts of possibilities open out before us. In this matter the governments which have succeeded one another in France since 1919 have on many occasions declared plainly that following on the failure of Germany to carry out her engagements the limitations of this occupation were suspended—but the foreclosure has not been formally proclaimed as an irrevocable decision.

The judicial thesis of the foreclosure, the right of the unpaid creditor to enter upon the property which he holds from his debtor as guaranty, was applicable here. France as creditor had received from Germany as debtor the Rhineland as security. Payment not having been made, she retained it and administered it *(l'aménageait)*—and conveyed her decision to the populations concerned. Certainly she envisaged no compulsion of the latter, no form of annexation direct or indirect, avowed or disguised. She simply affirmed the necessity of remaining on the Rhine so long as she failed to receive the legitimate satisfaction to which she was entitled under the treaties—the necessity of retaining a military *glacis* for her pledge. At the same time she freed the Rhinelanders from the fear of an early return to the Prussion rod, and consolidated their future. The possibility of disposing freely of themselves appeared to them thenceforth as disengaged from the anxiety which falsified their opinion. France thus disengaged the policy of autonomy which should be ours, and which, after this gesture, became relatively easy, whereas until then it had been impossible.

A Rhenish Policy

The first act of this policy is the financial organization of the Rhineland: a Customs barrier placed on the east facing Germany and razed on the west facing France, to avoid the economic strangulation which would result from a double fiscal wall diminishing the exchange of goods and compromising the industrial life of the Rhinelands; a budget separate from that of the Reich; the substitution of a healthy currency for the damaged mark.

The second act is the replacement of Prussian by Rhenish functionaries.

The third is the extension of the powers of the High Commission and the convocation of an elected assembly.

These are doubtless ambitious projects, but if executed wisely and discerningly in proportion as Germany slips out of her engagements they would be amply justified. It is a long-drawn-out policy, in which a well-considered diplomacy must apply one after another the successive links of a well-thought-out course of action which, little by little, will detach from Germany a free Rhineland under the military guard of France and Belgium.

The Soviet Government's Trade Monopoly

A DECREE introducing some modification of the Soviet Government's control of foreign trade was published in the Moscow *Izvestia* of October 19. It indicates clearly that the Government still maintains a complete monopoly in that field in spite of recent reports to the contrary.

Decision of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars

For the further regulation of the foreign trade of the RSFSR and in order to facilitate the trade operations of the more important state and economic institutions and organizations and to satisfy their needs in the field of economic relations with foreign countries, the All-Russian Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars, in development of paragraph 3 A, and paragraphs 3 and 4 C, of the decree of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee on foreign trade, decide:

1. The People's Commissariat of Foreign Trade carries on its activities through the trade representatives of the RSFSR which form an integral part of the plenipotentiary representation of the RSFSR in each particular country. All commercial organs, as well as individual representatives of people's commissariats, departments, and institutions, going abroad for the sake of carrying on trade operations, are to act under the direct supervision and control of the trade representatives in the given country.

2. A number of state, central, and local economic organizations, to be fixed exactly in a special list, receive the right, on

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condition that they abide strictly by the foreign-trade monopoly, to carry on trade transactions with foreign countries through their own special representatives. . . .

3. The central and local economic organizations referred to in Article 2 or their representatives are obliged to inform the Commissariat of Foreign Trade or the respective trade representations of each prospective trade transaction, which they intend to carry out. The Commissariat of Foreign Trade or the respective trade representatives have the right, upon their own responsibility, to veto any such transaction.

4. The state takes upon itself the obligation only for such foreign deals as are concluded and signed by the people's commissariat of foreign trade, by the trade delegation of the RSFSR in each particular country, or by organs and individuals specially authorized in each particular case by a special decision of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee, the Council of People's Commissars, the Council of Labor and Defense, or the Commissariat of Foreign Trade.

5. Foreign deals concluded according to Articles 2 and 3 of this decision are obligatory only for those state, central, and local economic organizations which sign these deals. The responsibility of these organizations is defined within the limits of the property belonging to them. The state, the people's commissars, and individual departments having jurisdiction over the given economic organizations bear no solidary or supplementary property responsibility for such deals.

NOTE: In contracts concluded in accordance with Articles 2, 3, and 5 of this decision a clause must be inserted that the counter agent of the economic organizations is obliged to enter any claims that may arise out of the deal only against the organization which had concluded and signed the particular deal and it waives any rights to enter any claims against the state, the people's commissariat, or the department which has jurisdiction over the particular state, central, and local organization.

6. Directors of state, central, and local economic organizations and their foreign representatives are to be punished according to Article 10 of the criminal code of the RSFSR for violating the present decision (especially the note to Article 5).

7. In development of Articles 2, 3, 4, and 5 a special instruction will be issued by the Council of People's Commissars.

NOTE: The present decision does not refer to the Centrosoyuz (Central Association of Cooperatives) which acts within the limits of the rights and privileges accorded to it previously by decrees of the government.

Moscow, Kremlin, October 16, 1922

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Holiday Book Section

Jurgen in Limbo

By CARL VAN DOREN

ALAS poor Jurgen! He found, when he was once more in Poictesme after the adventures which took him through so many diverting regions, that the sharp eye and sharper tongue of Dame Lisa were on the whole the least of his difficulties. Certain of the tumble-bugs of Philistia followed the late duke and prince and king and emperor and pope and god back to this quieter estate and nagged him. Nothing would do but that he should leave his respectable counter and his comfortable bed and go to meditate for a period in a Limbo which St. Anthony had invented with an ingenuity of which the tumble-bugs were very proud. Jurgen had set, the tumble-bugs insisted, a bad example on his travels: he had carried himself stiffly, when in the circumstances he should have been humbler; he had twitted Hell; he had done something to Heaven which looked decidedly like chucking it under the chin. Where, asked the tumble-bugs, was the justice which Jurgen had been pointing at? Justice, they held, begins at home; and they were bound that this loose person should have a taste of it.

Jurgen, who was tired of wandering, argued with them. "I have had fun enough," he said, "and enough fame too, for that matter. Now I want to stay at home, where a man belongs at my age, and eat my meals in peace with my wife, who turns out to be a very good cook after all. And as for justice——"

"As for justice," the tumble-bugs interrupted him, "we have our own brand of that. St. Anthony invented it as well as the Limbo we have been telling you about. According to our statute, you have earned some months, and maybe years, in this particular Limbo and we mean to see that you spend them there."

Jurgen inquired about their Limbo and then argued further. "It is a promotion I do not deserve. You must remember I am Jurgen, who deal fairly with all men—and with all women too, though I do not see why you should be, as I see you are, so anxious to bring in the women. I am, I ask you to remember, Jurgen, and I do not think I am worthy to dwell in your Limbo with Alcofribas Nasier and Giovanni Certaldese and the other brave poets whom, I perceive, you mean to establish there if your justice flourishes. Come, if you will forget about me I can promise that I shall forget about you entirely."

"Promotion!" sniffed the tumble-bugs. "Do you call it promotion to live with Giovanni Certaldese and Alcofribas Nasier? We call it punishment, considering that they and their companions, past, present, and to come, are offensive and lewd and lascivious and indecent to a degree which we in Philistia, at least, will not tolerate."

"But this is Poictesme, which has its own statutes."

"Nonsense! St. Anthony has given us a mandate over Poictesme, with Constantinople and Barbary, Massilia, Aquitaine, Navarre, Portugal, Rome, England, Paris, Alexandria, Arcadia, Olympus, Asgard, and the Jerusalems Old and New, and we mean to make them safe for——"

Now it was Jurgen's turn to interrupt. "Spare me," he pleaded, "that. Well, I am willing to try any drink once."

So Jurgen, seeing that parley was quite useless, went to their Limbo, where he sang with Flaccus and roared with Alcofribas Nasier and gossiped in a green garden with Giovanni Certaldese and made bets with all of them how long it would be before Geoffrey the vintner's son and William of Stratford, not to mention Messires Solomon and Moses, would be dragged into Limbo by the assiduous tumble-bugs. But much of the time Jurgen, who had his vanities, sat reading the redaction of the Jurgen epos which had been made in Virginia. When he had gone deep into the volume, and had come back to it time after time with mounting pleasure, he understood that it was monstrous clever, and better than clever; it was beautiful. The gold hair of Dorothy la Désirée, at least as he now remembered it, had never been more lustrous than the prose of this chronicle; nor the garments of Guenevere more like a gem, nor the flesh of Anaïtis more like a flame, nor Helen herself more like a mirror of the loveliness which maddens and passes. Here was prose which seemed to Jurgen, who thought he had no prejudices, rich and flexible and insinuating, and adequate to all occasions. Some poet, Jurgen speculated, must have had a hand in it.

If anything bothered Jurgen it was the symbolism, of which there were items rather too dim for a pawnbroker's wit. He saw, he guessed, the point of the sword and the staff and the lance, and he made out what the chronicler was driving at in the chapters on the broken veil and on the Praxagorean mathematics. All very merry, thought Jurgen, very fit to be enjoyed and talked about. But those three small furry bodies in the garden between dawn and sunrise; parts of the paraphernalia of the black mass in Cocaigne; sundry touches of obviously ironical intent as regards costume and mural decoration: these Jurgen worried over till he had a headache. He was afraid he had lost some of the cunning he had carried with him on his travels and afraid he had forgotten things he should have remembered. Still, Jurgen was Jurgen, and in the end he ceased worrying, convinced that in a world which has so many kinds of justice it was no more than fair that this chronicler should have his little jokes and keep them as much to himself as he liked, since he had been prodigal enough with easier jokes. On every good tree of the species, Jurgen consoled himself, there are some nuts which are harder to crack than most of them.

What particularly made up to Jurgen for the occasional cloudiness of the symbolism was the invariable clearness of the moral in the epic which had him for its hero. "How unsubstantial," said his annalist, "seemed these curious months devoted to other women as against the commonplace years which he and Lisa had fretted through together." If that was not sound domestic morals Jurgen did not know what was: it proclaimed the doctrine that to try any drink once meant a less lasting satisfaction than to stay faithful to one lawful cup. Jurgen perceived, too, that the account of Hell was edifying. Did it not show Jurgen marrying Florimel when he might merely have flirted with her? Did it not counsel, in the matter of minori-

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ties, a prompt, emphatic way of dealing which tumble-bugs would be sure to like and practice? And this Virginia version of Jurgen's Heaven was full of tenderness for the good old grandmother who had woven it out of her illusions. When Jurgen read those chapters, as he did more than once, he several times looked around to see whether any of the lusty blades his companions in Limbo had seen the kind tears which came into his eyes in spite of his brisk principles. If this was not reverence Jurgen did not know what was: it let a large light fall upon a simple faith and did not wither it. Jurgen was so much impressed by the moral of his author that he hunted everywhere in Limbo for tumble-bugs to point it out to, but he found none there. They liked to peep through the bars, he was told by older inhabitants, but they never came beyond them, finding the climate too robust for their thin blood.

What most impressed Jurgen, however, in the chronicle was its range. During the first days after his return from his travels he had settled down to a restorative course of reading in the best tale-tellers of the time and he had been struck by the pains most of them were at to stick each to his tight parish. This, Jurgen had suspected, was not enough for a good many people, as it was assuredly not enough for him. But the chronicler had gone as far as Jurgen even in his adventures; which is to say, through parti-colored time and through white space, under the earth and over it, to the roots of instincts and to the ends of dreams. Jurgen, who knew that his author had understood him, believed that this Virginian had understood the general race of man no less. He had understood that the thing which marks men off from beasts is just this lift of aspiration which drove his hero, for all his gestures and peccadilloes and evasions and falls from grace, through the world in search of the felicity and the justice which is, alas, nowhere to be found but which is everywhere to be hunted for. Jurgen saw that he had been, in a sense, a symbol of his kind, removed a fair distance from the ancestral ape, yet still with a vast, hollow future ahead of it and eternally busy with climbing. The path of desire, Jurgen reasoned and concluded, is the history of life. From amoeba to archangel desire trembles, suspires, ascends, breaking the hard patterns of old custom which would otherwise stifle all existence and healing the maladies of habit, good or bad, which would otherwise grow chronic. "Why," exclaimed Jurgen in the ecstasy of his conclusion, "beauty has here found herself a dress and doctrine has here shaped itself a text and wisdom has here builded himself a house. Let the earth rejoice, for Jurgen is a monstrous clever fellow."

In fact, Jurgen, like some other reformed poets in their middle ages or beyond, became so much engrossed in his own memoirs that he could barely lay the book down to do what was expected of him, as a companion, in Limbo. He was so much engrossed that he did not hear the tumble-bugs when, after a time which Jurgen had not taken the trouble to keep track of, they called him through the bars and told him that his sentence was ended.

"But I do not feel," Jurgen conscientiously assured them, "any different. I am not repentant. I do not respect your statute or your penalty any more than I did at first. I do not believe in them. I do not believe in you."

The tumble-bugs shuffled their feet and looked so foolish that Jurgen had all he could do to keep from kicking them. "Well," he said, "I can't say I thought you were very gaudy before, but now I see you are yellow with spleen and blue with bigotry and black with rage and green with envy and, as I live, red with embarrassment. Who would have thought to see you dingy creatures turn into rainbows? I perceive that something cheerful has happened to you. Confess."

"It means," spat the tumble-bugs, "that those damned judges are pro-Jurgen. It means that your sentence was an illusion. It means that our Limbo itself may be an illusion. But we still—" They babbled, incoherent.

"Now by lance and staff and sword, by duke and prince and king and emperor and pope and god, by Dorothy and Guenevere and Anaïtis and Helen, I solemnly swear—"

But there, come from nowhere in particular that Jurgen could see, stood Dame Lisa. "Jurgen, you swear too much. And I will not have you prating about those trollops. And you are done with dukes and princes and kings and emperors and popes and gods, except in a matter of business. And as for this lance and staff and sword you swear by, whatever they are, their place is the home. Jurgen, come!"

Jurgen wilted and followed, not even daring to tell the tumble-bugs to go back to their natural provender. But as he walked meekly off behind Dame Lisa's back he turned for one triumphant moment, set his thumb to his nose, now rather more impish than it had ever been before, and made a gesture with spread and whirling fingers which the tumble-bugs, with even their limited capacities, must have understood.

T. S. Eliot

By GILBERT SELDES

THE poems and critical essays of T. S. Eliot have been known to a number of readers for six or seven years; small presses in England have issued one or two pamphlet-like books of poetry; in America the *Little Review* and the *Dial* have published both prose and verse. In 1920 he issued his collected "Poems," a volume of some sixty pages, through Knopf, and the following year the same publisher put forth "The Sacred Wood," a collection of fourteen essays devoted to two subjects, criticism and poetry. This year a volume no larger than the first, containing one long poem, is issued. The position, approaching eminence, which Mr. Eliot holds is obviously not to be explained in terms of bulk.

It is peculiarly difficult to write even the necessary journalism about Mr. Eliot. From its baser manifestation he is fortunately immune and his qualities do not lend themselves to trickery. The secret of his power (I will not say influence) as a critic is that he is interested in criticism and in the object of criticism, as a poet that he understands and practices the art of poetry. In the first of these he is exceptional, almost alone; in both, his work lies in the living tradition and outside the wilfulness of the moment. We are so far gone in the new movement that even to say that he practices aesthetic criticism and impersonal poetry will be confusing. I can only explain by distinguishing his work from others.

At the present moment criticism of literature is almost entirely criticism of the ideas expressed in literature; it is interested chiefly in morals, economics, sociology, or science. We can imagine a critic *circa* 1840 declaring that "Othello" is a bad play because men should not kill their wives; and the progress is not very great to 1922 when we are as likely as not to hear that it is a bad play because Desdemona is an outmoded kind of woman. To be sure the economic,

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sociological, and psychoanalytical interest has largely displaced the moral one, and critics (whether they say a book is good or bad) are inclined to judge the importance of a writer of fiction by the accuracy of his dream-interpretations or the soundness of his economic fundamentals. Their creative interest is in something apart from the art they are discussing; and what Mr. Eliot has done, with an attractive air of finality, is to indicate how irrelevant that interest is to the art of letters. He respects these imperfect critics in so far as they are good philosophers, moralists, or scientists; but he knows that in connection with letters they are the victims of impure desires (the poet *manqué* as critic) or of impure interests (the fanatical Single-taxer as critic). "But Aristotle," he says, "had none of these impure desires to satisfy; in whatever sphere of interest, he looked solely and steadfastly at the object; in his short and broken treatise he provides an eternal example—not of laws, or even of method, for there is no method except to be very intelligent, but of intelligence itself swiftly operating the analysis of sensation to the point of principle and definition." Again, more specifically, "The important critic is the person who is absorbed in the present problems of art, and who wishes to bring the forces of the past to bear upon the solution of these problems. If the critic considers Congreve, for instance, he will always have at the back of his mind the question: What has Congreve got that is pertinent to our dramatic art? Even if he is solely engaged in trying to understand Congreve, this will make all the difference: inasmuch as to understand anything is to understand from a point of view." Criticism, for Mr. Eliot, is the statement of the structures in which our perceptions, when we face a work of art, form themselves. He quotes Remy de Gourmont: "To erect his personal impressions into laws is the great effort of man if he is sincere."

The good critic, as I understand Mr. Eliot, will be concerned with the aesthetic problem of any given work of art; he will (I should add) not despise ideas, but if he is intelligent he will recognize their place in a work of art and he will certainly not dismiss as paradoxical nonsense Mr. Eliot's contention that his baffling escape from ideas made Henry James the most intelligent man of his time. It is not an easy task to discover in each case what the aesthetic problem is; but that is the task, precisely, which every good critic of painting, let us say, is always compelled to attempt and which no critic of letters need attempt because he can always talk (profoundly, with the appearance of relevance, endlessly) about ideas. Mr. Eliot has accomplished the task several times, notably in his essay on "Hamlet," about which essay a small literature has already been produced. I have not space here to condense the substance of that or of the other critical essays—they are remarkably concise as they are—nor to do more than say that they are written with an extraordinary distinction in which clarity, precision, and nobility almost always escaping magniloquence, are the elements.

In turning to Mr. Eliot as poet I do not leave the critic behind since it is from his critical utterances that we derive the clue to his poetry. He says that the historical sense is indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet after the age of twenty-five, and follows this with a statement which cannot be too closely pondered by those who misunderstand tradition and by those who imagine that American letters stand outside of European letters and are to be judged by other standards:

> The historical sense compels a man to write not merely with his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole of the literature of Europe from Homer and within it the whole of the literature of his own country has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order.

This is only the beginning of "depersonalization." It continues:

> What happens is a continual surrender of himself (the poet) as he is at the moment to something which is more valuable. The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality . . . the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material. . . . The intensity of the poetry is something quite different from whatever intensity in the supposed experience it may give the impression of. . . . Impressions and experiences which are important for the man may take no place in the poetry, and those which become important in the poetry may play quite a negligible part in the man, the personality. . . .

And finally:

> It is not in his personal emotions, the emotions provoked by particular events in his life, that the poet is in any way remarkable or interesting. His particular emotions may be simple, or crude, or flat. The emotion in his poetry will be a very complex thing, but not with the complexity of the emotions of people who have very complex or unusual emotions in life. . . . The business of the poet is not to find new emotions, but to use the ordinary ones and, in working them up into poetry, to express feelings which are not in actual emotions at all. . . . Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of a personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.

The significant emotion has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet; and recognition of this, Mr. Eliot indicates, is the true appreciation of poetry. Fortunately for the critic he has written one poem, "The Waste Land,"* to which one can apply his own standards. It develops, carries to conclusions, many things in his remarkable earlier work, in method and in thought. I have not that familiarity with the intricacies of French verse which could make it possible for me to affirm or deny the statement that technically he derives much from Jules Laforgue; if Remy de Gourmont's estimate of the latter be correct one can see definite points of similarity in the minds of the two poets:

> His natural genius was made up of sensibility, irony, imagination, and clairvoyance; he chose to nourish it with positive knowledge (*connaissances positives*), with all philosophies and all literatures, with all the images of nature and of art; even the latest views of science seem to have been known to him. . . . It is literature entirely made new and unforeseen, disconcerting and giving the curious and rare sensation that one has never read anything like it before. . . .

A series of sardonic portraits—of people, places, things—each the distillation of a refined emotion, make up Mr. Eliot's "Poems." The deceptive simplicity of these poems in form and in style is exactly at the opposite extreme from false naivete; they are unpretentiously sophisticated, wicked, malicious, humorous, and with the distillation of emotion has gone a condensation of expression. In "The Waste Land" the seriousness of the theme is matched with an intensity of expression in which all the earlier qualities are sublimated.

* *The Waste Land.* By T. S. Eliot. Boni and Liveright.

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In essence "The Waste Land" says something which is not new: that life has become barren and sterile, that man is withering, impotent, and without assurance that the waters which made the land fruitful will ever rise again. (I need not say that "thoughtful" as the poem is, it does not "express an idea"; it deals with emotions, and ends precisely in that significant emotion, inherent in the poem, which Mr. Eliot has described.) The title, the plan, and much of the symbolism of the poem, the author tells us in his "Notes," were suggested by Miss Weston's remarkable book on the Grail legend, "From Ritual to Romance"; it is only indispensable to know that there exists the legend of a king rendered impotent, and his country sterile, both awaiting deliverance by a knight on his way to seek the Grail; it is interesting to know further that this is part of the Life or Fertility mysteries; but the poem is self-contained. It seems at first sight remarkably disconnected, confused, the emotion seems to disengage itself in spite of the objects and events chosen by the poet as their vehicle. The poem begins with a memory of summer showers, gaiety, joyful and perilous escapades; a moment later someone else is saying "I will show you fear in a handful of dust," and this is followed by the first lines of "Tristan und Isolde," and then again by a fleeting recollection of loveliness. The symbolism of the poem is introduced by means of the Tarot pack of cards; quotations, precise or dislocated, occur; gradually one discovers a rhythm of alternation between the visionary (so to name the memories of the past) and the actual, between the spoken and the unspoken thought. There are scraps, fragments; then sustained episodes; the poem culminates with the juxtaposition of the highest types of Eastern and Western asceticism, by means of allusions to St. Augustine and Buddha; and ends with a sour commentary on the injunctions "Give, sympathize, control" of the Upanishads, a commentary which reaches its conclusion in a pastiche recalling all that is despairing and disinherited in the memory of man.

A closer view of the poem does more than illuminate the difficulties; it reveals the hidden form of the work, indicates how each thing falls into place, and to the reader's surprise shows that the emotion which at first seemed to come in spite of the framework and the detail could not otherwise have been communicated. For the theme is not a distaste for life, nor is it a disillusion, a romantic pessimism of any kind. It is specifically concerned with the idea of the Waste Land—that the land *was* fruitful and now is not, that life had been rich, beautiful, assured, organized, lofty, and now is dragging itself out in a poverty-stricken and disrupted and ugly tedium, without health, and with no consolation in morality; there may remain for the poet the labor of poetry, but in the poem there remain only "these fragments I have shored against my ruins"—the broken glimpses of what was. The poem is not an argument and I can only add, to be fair, that it contains no romantic idealization of the past; one feels simply that even in the cruelty and madness which have left their record in history and in art, there was an intensity of life, a germination and fruitfulness, which are now gone, and that even the creative imagination, even hallucination and vision have atrophied, so that water shall never again be struck from a rock in the desert. Mr. Bertrand Russell has recently said that since the Renaissance the clock of Europe has been running down; without the feeling that it was once wound up, without the contrasting emotions as one looks at the past and at the present, "The Waste Land" would be a different poem, and the problem of the poet would have been solved in another way.

The present solution is in part by juxtaposition of opposites. We have a passage seemingly spoken by a slut, ending

> Goonight, Bill. Goonight, Lou. Goonight, May. Goonight. Ta ta. Goonight, goonight.

and then the ineffable

> Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

Conversely the turn is accomplished from nobility or beauty of utterance to

> The sounds of horns and motors, which shall bring
> Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

And in the long passage where Tiresias, the central character of the poem, appears the method is at its height, for here is the coldest and unhappiest revelation of the assault of lust made in the terms of beauty:

> At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
> Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
> Like a taxi throbbing waiting
> I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
> Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
> At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
> Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
> The typist home at tea-time, clears her breakfast, lights
> Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
> Out of the window perilously spread
> Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
> On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
> Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
> I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs
> Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest—
> I, too, awaited the expected guest.
> He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
> A small house-agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
> One of the low on whom assurance sits
> As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
> The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
> The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
> Endeavors to engage her in caresses
> Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
> Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;
> Exploring hands encounter no defense;
> His vanity requires no response,
> And makes a welcome of indifference.
> (And I Tiresias have foresuffered all
> Enacted on this same divan or bed;
> I who have sat by Thebes below the wall
> And walked among the lowest of the dead.)
> Bestows one final patronizing kiss,
> And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit . . .

It will be interesting for those who have knowledge of another great work of our time, Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses," to think of the two together. That "The Waste Land" is, in a sense, the inversion and the complement of "Ulysses" is at least tenable. We have in "Ulysses" the poet defeated, turning outward, savoring the ugliness which is no longer transmutable into beauty, and, in the end, homeless. We have in "The Waste Land" some indication of the inner life of such a poet. The contrast between the forms of these two works is not expressed in the recognition that one is among the longest and one among the shortest of works in its genre; the important thing is that in each the theme, once it is comprehended, is seen to have dictated the form. More important still, I fancy, is that each has expressed something of supreme relevance to our present life in the everlasting terms of art.

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A Group of Poems

By ANN HAMILTON

Brother Rugino

They loved him more to know that he was mad,
And called him "Aged Brother of the Birds"
After the fitful manner that he had
And his odd way of twittering his words.

He was so old they half believed his age
Gave him a mystic wisdom from the rest,
And thought him priest of some strange heritage
And, like the cloister rose-trees, held him blessed;

But mad he was; he feared they tried to seize
His share of food, and starve him, so he stored
Olives and grapes and apricots and cheese
In the small drawer beneath his place at board,

And while the flying notion was forgot
A brother bore the hidden bits away
After the drawer was full, and come to rot,
Yet he would start to hoard again next day.

The brothers saw him often laboring late
In the back courtyard where the wash-tubs stood,
Bruising his fingers on a scrubbing-grate
To cleanse his brown robe and its heavy hood;

One evening after sundown when the bell
Had chimed the final summons into prayer
A brother found him still beside the well,
Washing his garment with impassioned care,

And said, "Rugino, wilt thou not come in?
The chapel fills; now should thy labors wait,
The sun is gone, and thou wilt sleep in sin
To leave thy prayers unsaid, and time is late;

"This is the third day I have passed thee here
Scrubbing thy garments at a time for song;
See—thy hands bleed—such work holds little cheer—
How long wilt wash thy brown robe? pray, how long?"

"How long?" Rugino answered him, "Amen!—
Till it is white"—and dipped the robe again.

Sonnet

Pass on, and let your ashes fill the wind,
I was a fool, but you were fool and more;
I want no lingered wonderings in my mind
Of what is now or what has been before.
Let tonight's moon come placid through the trees
And tonight's heaven be a star-calm sky,
Let there be only tides along the seas,
I ask no dream to toss my spirit high—
Only to drift in silence, cool and plain
Knowing and feeling nothing but my peace,
And freshened like a garden after rain—
Mist over fire, empty and vast release;
Pass on, tired turbulence of flame and spark,
Give me the kind indifference of the dark.

Song Overheard on the Shore

If I should swim across the sea
I'd reach the other side
Knowing each stroke had taken me
Against a pull of tide.

I'd keep the water from my eyes
Because its gleam of spray
Might blur the symbols in the skies
That pointed out my way;

But if you pushed me and I fell
Unprompted in the foam,
What kind of triumph could I tell
When I'd come floating home?

A drifted bubble in my hands,
A sea-weed round my throat,
A coral from the waving sands
About some sunken boat?

I'd have no high reward to sue,
No swimming-badge to wear,
But I would have a shell or two
Still tangled in my hair.

Harlequin to Columbine

Dreams were charms that no one had broken,
Earth was a song that no one had sung,
And love was a cry that no one had spoken
When I was young.

Inscription

It is not hard to tell of a rose
That in another's garden grows,

Or the green shadow of a tree
That has cooled others, but not me,

Or the star-radiance of a sky
That heaven possesses, but not I;

The rose is a scent, the three a shade,
The sky a temple God has made,

But you are mine—a flame that endures
To warm my soul as it warms yours—

How can I praise it when its light
Is the fierce pen with which I write?

Back to the rose. I cannot see
When sunlight is so close to me.

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Books

For the Young Reader

The Well in the Wood. By Bert Leston Taylor. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Through the Cloud Mountain. By Florence Scott Bernard. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.50.

The Children Who Followed the Piper. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan Company. $2.

Rootabaga Stories. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Solario, the Tailor. By William Bowen. Macmillan Company. $2.

The Islands of Magic. By Elsie Spicer Eells. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

The Adventures of Maya the Bee. By Waldemar Bonsels. Thomas Seltzer. $3.

The Pussy Cat Princess. By Edward Anthony. The Century Company. $2.50.

Bannertail. Ernest Thompson Seton. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Red-Robin. By Jane Abbott. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.75.

The Flower of Fortune. By E. B. and A. A. Knipe. The Century Company. $1.75.

The Hill of Adventure. By Adair Aldon. The Century Company. $1.75.

Including Mother. By Margaret Ashmun. Macmillan Company. $1.50.

The Tides of Deal. By Latta Griswold. Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Peter Cotterell's Treasure. By Rupert Sargent Holland. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.75.

The Woods Rider. By Frank Lillie Pollock. Century Company. $1.75.

The Black Wolf Pack. By Dan Beard. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.65.

When the West Was Young. By Frederick R. Bechdolt. Century Company. $2.

Blackbeard, Buccaneer. By Ralph D. Paine. The Penn Publishing Company. $2.50.

The Boy Jesus and His Companions. By Rufus M. Jones. Macmillan Company. $1.25.

Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child. By Gertrude Slaughter. Macmillan Company. $2.

Buried Cities. By Jennie Hall. Macmillan Company. $2.

Dog Heroes of Many Lands. By Sarah Noble Ives. Century Company. $1.75.

Rainbow Gold. An anthology. By Sarah Teasdale. Macmillan Company. $2.

The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle. By Hugh Lofting. F. A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE tide has turned; books that "every child should know" went out on the last tide, too waterlogged to float back. The boy no longer has to read Dickens and Dumas "'cause I seen 'em to the movies." We can no longer ring the old appeal: "Read this because everyone has read it." How then may we start the children's love of reading? Is it not by stimulating the fancy, encouraging the imagination till it outruns the present and overtakes the past? Suppose we begin with "The Well in the Wood." Buddie is a pioneer cousin of Alice, as her Wonderland lies in the Northwest. After straying into the deep woods from her log-cabin home, she chances to put a spray of enchanter's nightshade in her hair, and the aspect of bird, beast, and forest is suddenly changed. Colonel, the yellow dog, is a companionable guide now that his speech has become intelligible to the little girl. "'*I* say, give the yellow dog a show,'" declared Colonel, making a grand flourish with his right forepaw. "'Other dogs have shows, but you never hear of a *yellow* dog show.'" Of the acquaintances they make in the forest, one of the most amusing is Professor Bray, the donkey traveling with a lute, played *by ear*, who sings by various methods (the Donkesi, the Sobraylia, and the Thistlefixu), as "the more methods you try, you know, the more of a donkey you are." The illustrations by F. Y. Cory are quite what Buddie would want them to be.

Trudging at fancy's side we may catch a dim glimpse "Through the Cloud Mountain," but the cover is prophetic—a little figure with a crutch, and a vista of unattainable gardens. Poor fancy would fain borrow the crutch. Many a book for children is bettered by amputating the illustrations, but here the reverse is true: the colored plates by Gertrude Kay have wings of their own and should be freed of the dull burden of the text. Here is a fairy story strictly union-made, eight hours a day, and time-and-a-half for overtime. Jan the lame boy who was shut outside the enchanted door, what time the Pied Piper whisked the children into the mountain, finds his way alone to storybook land (called by the author "Land of Eternal"), where he is admitted on his own statement that he was created by Robert Browning. Alice-in-Wonderland and Jack-of-the-Beanstalk attach themselves to him as guides. Alice has not improved in manners or disposition by her residence in the clouds. Her imagination stalks in flapping overshoes instead of skipping in her aforetime "ankleties." Imagine Alice with no further resource, when she goes to a masquerade ball attended by the who's who of all literature, than to appear as a shredded wheat biscuit!

In spite of this disappointment we turn eagerly to another and very different sequel to the Piper's mystery. Padraic Colum has caught the real echo of the pipe. "The Children who Followed the Piper" is perhaps the best report we can expect from that world beyond the mountain. Again we have three children journeying at the heels of the Piper, who now appears in his earlier guise of Mercury. These protagonists are Golden Hood, Valentine, and John Ball the miller's son, with his talking horse Baldwin. The chorus is made up of Wee Willie Winkie, Jack Sprat, Jumping Joan, Philomena the countess's daughter, Angelus who rang the church bells, and other well-known natives of Hamelin town. They visit Baucis and Philemon, make the acquaintance of Mars, the Old Hag of the Forest, Circe (strangely benevolent), Satyrs and Nixies in a tapestried confusion of adventure. We miss the simple directness of some of Mr. Colum's other stories, but his English is as always, exquisite.

The poets are abroad on the children's counter this season. Title-pages bear the names not only of Padraic Colum, but of Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer, and Carl Sandburg. One indignant child, on whom Carl Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories" was tried, declared that "no sensible child would so much as look at it." What shall the intelligent child make of this: "Said Gimme the Ax 'It is a necktie with a picture like white-face pony spots on green frog swimming in the moonshine'"? Perhaps this is funny: "The zizzy is a bug. He runs zigzag on zigzag legs, eats zigzag with zigzag teeth, and spits zigzag with a zigzag tongue." Or this description of the Musical Soup Eaters: "They whistled and chuzzled and snozzled the soup and the noise they made could be heard far up at the head of the procession where the Spoon Lickers were marching."

There is always room, in the middle-distance of childhood for more fairy stories, more folk-tales, more Arabian Nights. "Solario the Tailor" would seem to be a direct descendant of Scheherazade. His tales are of princesses and blind beggars and one-armed sorcerers, highwaymen and ragpickers, as they should be, and their entertainment is greatly heightened by the diverting interruptions of his auditors—a chess-playing king, an inconsequential queen who wishes she had her knitting, and two small boys whose business it is to see that the story-teller gets a chance to finish his stories.

"The Islands of Magic" seem to be peopled with folk-tales with European echoes, geographic legends, and churchly super-

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stitions. These tales were gathered in the Azores, in connection with research for the Hispanic Society, and they preserve a quaint local distinction. Though we may be familiar with such adventures as befell the Daughter of the King of Naples, it is unexpected to have a fairy story end thus: "Their wedding was celebrated with great joy and they lived together as God lives with the angels." St. Anthony appears in the role of Fairy Godmother, and "Death is a good Christian and will keep his word." The gem of the collection is "Outside the Door Like the Mother of St. Peter."

Maya the Bee comes to us as a person of distinction and apparently expects to be taken seriously. The child reader who has been taught to observe nature will delight in these experiences of the adventurous though sentimental young bee, and will find keen pleasure in the behavior of the various insects and creatures who hop or crawl across the pages. Maya is greatly taken with the rosebeetle and his fascinating feelers, but in the wicked dragonfly she sees nothing but the gauzy wings to admire. She begs Miss Loveydear the dragonfly to release her friend the Bluebottle. "Let him go," cried Maya, and tears came into her eyes, "his name is Jack Christopher." "Yes, he *is* a dear little fellow," the dragonfly replied tenderly and—bit Jack's head off." Then there is the Tumble Bug who pretends to be a rosebug, and never to have heard of dung; the butterfly who seems most unappropriately named Fred; the wicked spider, and the unpopular stinkbug. The barkbeetle gives Maya plain talk. "Ah, bah, don't take things so seriously. Just laugh when you see something funny; that's all." But poor Maya has no gift of humor. She does not even see anything amusing in the grasshopper, who lectures her thus: "Don't think too highly of yourself, my dear young lady. Most creatures in this world can fly, but only a very, very few can hop. You don't understand other people's interests. You have no vision. Even human beings would like a high elegant hop. . . . I have known members of my own family who could hop to a height three hundred times their length. Even the elephant, the largest animal in the world, can't hop as high as that." But Maya's chief characteristics are an unaccountable admiration for human beings (this book was written before the war) and a yearning to serve her nation by some heroic deed. Her melodramatic adventures with the wasps are less fascinating than her earlier encounters in the insect world, and the sentimentality which rises like a mist in the beginning of the story gets to be pretty foggy toward the end. The diction is unmistakably that of translation and clumsy in places.

If the young American reader is looking for Americanisms in the animal world he will find them in "The Pussy Cat Princess." Yet with the most bewitching kittens acting as models to the photographer (Harry Whittier Frees), and with nimble wit and irrepressible humor supplied by the author, the result is disappointing. The kittens appear photographed in various occupations, skipping rope, piloting airplanes, carrying on the war, peddling mice-cream, discovering a mouse in the king's layer-cake. But cunning as the kittens are, they would be far more so if their fuzzy roundness were not compressed into dolls' clothes. And their kitten psychology is maltreated. To have such appealing pussycats and puppydogs Babbittized hurts the feelings of the discriminating animal lover. It is strange also that modern warfare can already be made a subject of jest. King Fido makes war on Tabbyland, calling out the troops to defend their country, and his army gathers: the Dachshund Doughboys, the Mexican Hairless Harriers, the Fighting Irish Terriers, the Yankee Poodle Dandies, the Airedale Airboys, the Puppy Popgunners (or infantry), and the Peekin'-knees Kilties. Funny, but poor taste.

"Bannertail" is an aristocrat among animals. This story of a gray squirrel is told in Thompson Seton's familiar way, with his inimitable pen-drawings flashing humor on the wide margins. After years of paper famine the spaciousness of this beautiful volume seems to spread as luxuriantly as the squirrel's plumy tail. Surely of all our wildwood folk the gray-squirrel is the closest friend to childhood, and his story should be widely read. But Bannertail is no portly and pauperized park bencher—he is the silver streak that flashes through the forest. The lessons he acquires in youth, his courtship of Silvergrey, his part in and out of the family life, and his encounters with weasel and snake, sickness, famine, and plenty, fill out the measure of his days. Dignity in the telling and fun in the picturing make an excellent combination. Better one such book than scores of the to-bed-going variety of near-animal stories.

When the ways part, and one library door is marked GIRLS and the other BOYS, the child element in books is rapidly running out. Stories of this halfway period are rarely notable. "Red-Robin" is, however, an excellent story of a rarely unselfish girl. Mrs. Abbott has the gift of spinning a tale and carrying the reader along without stopovers, and she can portray a very lovely and living young person. "The Flower of Fortune" brings to life again the old Dutch and English days of New Yorke when it had just ceased to be Nieuw Amsterdam. The details of costume and house furnishing, the customs and deportment of the time, the colorful characters—pirate, Dutch burgher, English adventurer, Jewish merchant—make a rich background for the youthful actors in this exciting book. "The Hill of Adventure" has an outdoor freshness that is wholesome, even if the characters are rather pen-drawn than real. Two young city girls find themselves in the Rockies, in the midst of labor troubles (which are coming to impersonate the power of evil in juvenile fiction), family mysteries and she-bears, which enliven their nights and prolong their days. The reader is thankful that no scout ritual is required, and that the courage and presence of mind of Beatrice and her sister are not requited with blue beads. "Including Mother" will find a certain popularity with the high-school girl. To bring up one's mother, overlooking her indolence, indulging her foibles, controlling her extravagance, admiring her beauty and encouraging her talent, and then to marry her off handsomely—what more could the modern daughter desire? But the story tastes like a magazine; it was written for quick consumption, and should be labeled "Immediate—Perishable."

Since most "boys' books" cannot be classed as literary ventures, and have little connection with the dreams of childhood or the realizations of later life, perhaps boys may be left to judge these for themselves. Here is what some lads think of the following newcomers: "The Tides of Deal" is "an unusual story of boarding school, exceptional, as athletics have no part in the narrative—a restful change. It is about a very popular boy, just fresh from high school, who, in his rush for power, went back on his best friend. In the climax, however, this friend is found to be less of an 'angel' than was supposed, and the hero comes out triumphant in fact, though apparently humiliated." "Peter Cotterell's Treasure," though admitted to be interesting, is yet condemned as "nothing more, nothing less, than thousands of others you may purchase at any bookshop." Of "The Woods Rider," a story built about bee-keeping and the turpentine industry, a young reviewer writes: "There is not a real person in the book, and even the element of surprise is wanting, for the characters do almost exactly what you know beforehand they will do." "The Black Wolf Pack" also fails to thrill, in spite of the mysterious hunter and the pack of black wolves he has trained. But "When the West Was Young" is acclaimed as "one grand series of gunfights and all of it true." These experiences, gleaned from conversations with old-time stage drivers, sheriffs, pioneers, from brittle files of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and other Arizona papers, and various early histories, have the unmistakable stamp of the West as it was.

"Blackbeard, Buccaneer" is sure to rank first, among this season's books, with those boys who love "the creeps." The volume bleeds at every pore; the turning of a page means suspense; swords swash, guns roar, heads crack, blood spurts, fiends curse, masts snap, ships sink, hell yawns—(no time for longer words!).

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"The Boy Jesus and His Companions" is a book to be read aloud in the home. Its simplicity, dignity, and freedom from cant and sentimentality set it apart from most rewritten Bible stories. It is clearly told like running water, and will sound long afterwards in the child's memory. "Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child" is rather for mother's table than for the child's bookshelf. It is delightful to read of Barbara's enthusiasm for Shakespeare, and it is easy to see how such a royal playfellow inspired her comrades to follow where she led. Many a parent, on reading this, may find it easier to bring child and poet together. If, instead of regarding Shakespeare as the exclusive property of the adult highbrow, we let children discover him for themselves, before they have heard that they ought to admire him, and before they suspect that he is considered difficult, there would be more Barbaras growing up. The occasional unhindered child even now finds the way into his golden world. A girl of ten, reminded of bedtime before her book was finished, set her alarm for 3 a. m. so that she might "see how Hamlet came out" before schooltime. And a small boy of nine, being taken to his first Shakespeare performance, said "'As You Like It' was very pleasant, but what I *yearn* for is 'Macbeth.'" But even these children would find "Shakespeare and the Heart of a Child" difficult reading. Too great an intimacy with too many plays is presupposed as a starter; quotations adrift are so much more confusing than when tied at their moorings. "Buried Cities" is for the child himself. Let us hope that no eager school teacher will spoil this by listing it for required reading. With this little volume (in its gay Pompeiian jacket) as a guide, the child digs his way back into the past—till Pompeii is revealed. So vivid, so simple and inspiring is this little handbook that the usual tale of treasure-trove pales beside it. Why stoop for a mere iron-bound chest of doubloons when whole cities lie hidden at our feet? With this in hand we shall have our children sniffing around like the archaeologist in the old French play, whose nose led him straight to Roman remains.

To prove that we are not wholly fancy's slaves, let the first book to come out of the Christmas stocking be "Dog Heroes of Many Lands." Tige, the yellow goatherd who held a mountain lion at bay and saved his bleating herd; Zip who traveled fifty trackless miles across the snowbarrens of Hudson's Bay and brought help to the freezing mail carrier; Jamie Hogg's collie of the Ettrick Hills who would labor for no other master; Brakje the Kafir dog who nursed and fed his dark-skinned master lying wounded and delirious in the jungle after killing a lion single-handed, and perhaps finest of all Bruce, the fire-dog of New York who herded twenty fire-mad horses out of a burning stable in the teeth of a blizzard and held them in safety. They are a noble company, they and their fellows who make up this remarkable collection, and their stories are most fittingly told. "Rainbow Gold" is a pot of treasure gathered by Sara Teasdale. She modestly says "I have made a small collection of poems that would have pleased the child I used to be and the boy who was my playmate. . . . I have been guided from first to last by their enjoyment or their boredom. The poems that they loved best had highly accented rhythms, and took them into 'a land of clear colors and stories.'" Inside the cover Pegasus leaps skyward with his child rider; the first page opens at "Kubla Khan," and we know that Pegasus has set the pace.

And now for the last of all. If you are threatened with fire, flood, or earthquake, save "Doctor Dolittle" at all cost. He made his appearance with characteristic modesty last year, in "The Story of Dr. Dolittle." But this particular reviewer must have been blinded with too much reading of serial stories and caught never a glimpse of the kindly naturalist, till "The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle" appeared unheralded and the reviewer war-whooped with joy. The two books are one, each better than the other, depending on which you read last. In many a household between now and the coming holidays, the unprincipled adults will be chuckling over the book in secret, while the innocent child waits patiently for Christmas morning to make the acquaintance of Doctor Dolittle. For more than half a century Alice has ruled supreme in Wonderland. How glad she must be to make room on her throne for the genial animal-doctor, a man after her own heart, and his remarkable household. Read the book. Join that valiant crew that sailed in the porpoise-driven ship, cheer for the Doctor-matador at the last bullfight at Monteverde, but come back to dwell in the little house at Puddleby-on-the-Marsh, "just in nice time for tea." Read the book, and then say if you know a better guardian for your child than the adorable animalinguist, John Dolittle, M.D.

MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

Concerning Critics

George Gissing: An Appreciation. By May Yates. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

The Technique of Thomas Hardy. By Joseph Warren Beach. University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

Appraisements and Asperities. By Felix E. Schelling. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

Companionable Books. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Confessions of a Book-Lover. By Maurice Francis Egan. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

The Glory of English Prose. By Stephen Coleridge. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Studies in Literature: Second Series. By Arthur Quiller-Couch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THERE are three questions to ask about a critical essay: Is it pleasant to read for itself, no matter what the subject? Does it introduce you to an author who is new to you and make you eager to read him or willing to let him alone? Does it discover for you values you have not seen before in an author whom you thought you understood? Bearing these questions in mind, and bearing in mind also that they are only rough and ready tests the answers to which do not embrace all the law and the prophets of criticism, let us look at some books of literary essays.

Miss Yates's study of George Gissing, a compact little book, tells me much about Gissing's work that I did not know, makes me itch to read over again the books of his that I have read, and to become acquainted at once with those that I have missed. How does it happen that some of us who think we know the few salient men of genius in modern English literature could have missed any book of Gissing's, after we had had even one taste of him and after Wells, Bennett, Morley Roberts, and Swinnerton had done their best to arouse interest in him? There is a practical answer. Gissing never became salient, in one sense, but remained half submerged. His novels were never, in the nineties or later, among those which came as a matter of course to one's library table or to one's editorial desk. He did not arrive; one had to go seek him. Not all his books, it seems, have been published in America; as to that I wish Miss Yates's bibliography gave us precise information. I have heard that Boni and Liveright are planning to issue a complete edition of him (there would be some thirty volumes), and I hope the plan will be realized, for it would be an undertaking in which a publisher might take pride, even though, alas, he could not count surely on clearing his expenses. Can Gissing ever become popular or will he remain a neglected classic appreciated only by a few? He wrote some of the most splendid pages of English prose, pages the joyous beauty of which lifts into the light his often somber and depressing ideas.

If Gissing is somber and ironic, even bitter, so, in another way and with other qualities added, is Thomas Hardy. It is the other qualities, the melodramatic, the adventurous, the romantic, that have won for Hardy a sure and lasting popularity. Hardy is a romantic, not a realist as many younger writers understand the word. He uses all the familiar tricks by which

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a writer makes a story *go;* he can compel you forward even through the sad matter of which "Jude" is composed. The dramatic version of "Tess," as played by Mrs. Fiske, was thrilling stage stuff. One can even imagine some of his tales adapted to the moving picture and holding the audience as successfully as Hall Caine or Robert W. Chambers. This, and much else, is clearly brought out in Mr. Beach's excellent analysis of Hardy's "Technique." It seems to me that in the choice of that word for his title Mr. Beach has been unfair to his book. For "technique" is a limited word, meaning method, manner, literary device, and Mr. Beach's study goes deep into Hardy's substance and spirit. Irony, pity, truth, words which Mr. Beach accurately uses as titles of three of his richest chapters, spread far beyond the confines of purely "technical" considerations. And I doubt if his concluding idea, that the "relative appeal" of Hardy's works is "directly in proportion to their relative excellence in technique," is really the conclusion to which the book leads. However, that is mere bickering with words. Mr. Beach's book is intelligent and searching. It fetches up from the depths of your memory all that is lodged there relating to Thomas Hardy. It sent me a half dozen times to the novels and once to "The Dynasts" (Mr. Beach says little or nothing about Hardy's poetry). Criticism which forces you to interrupt it, to lay it down for a moment and turn to the book it discusses, is the real right thing.

Professor Schelling does not persuade me to engage him as guide and philosopher; perhaps because I think I know my way better than he does on most of the paths over which he makes short excursions. This learned professor once taught us something of real value about Elizabethan lyrics, but he has little to teach us about living poets who work in traditional forms, Masefield, Noyes, Robinson, Woodberry, and when he tries to follow Sandburg's erratic way he gets hopelessly lost; one feels like sending out a search-party to bring the critic home. These essays are little more than a scholar's journalistic holidays, and they do not pretend to be more than that. They do not justify the excellent title. There is little sting in the "asperities." It is perhaps a gracious thing not to disturb the repose of the late Hamilton W. Mabie, to appreciate his mild merits. But when Mr. Schelling says that there are few Lives of Shakespeare "so sympathetic and so sincere" as Mabie's, one asks to what purpose the professor has spent his fairly long life in the study of Elizabethan literature.

An elderly professor whose criticism contains more bone and meat is Dr. Henry van Dyke. I have always found his verses weak and his stories sugary. It is an agreeable surprise to find in his "Companionable Books" much sound, virile writing, which is only slightly weakened by touches of religious and moralistic palaver. These touches, however, are perfectly appropriate in at least two of the essays, those on the Bible and on Dr. Johnson. There is a bit of the good sport in Dr. van Dyke. He escapes academicism not (like Professor Schelling) by way of journalistic superficiality but by virtue of a man-of-the-world intelligence. The essay on Walton is delightful, due both to the charm of the subject and to the charm of the essayist. That combination, also, makes for real right criticism. The salt of humor is not lacking. There is a wink in the capitals of the last sentence of the essay on Johnson: "HIS WIFE said of him that 'he was the most sensible man she had ever met'." The essay on Dickens is wise and fine. One paragraph is especially wise (of course, it is obvious enough after some one has said it for you): "But what does it all amount to, this lack of discretion in manners, this want of reserve in speech, this oriental luxuriance in attire? It simply goes to show that [van Dyke's italics] *Dickens himself was a Dickens character.*"

It happens that several of the recent books of criticism are by elderly men. The question of age is more or less impertinent. It makes no difference whether a writer be twenty or eighty, so long as he has something to say and says it well. In the case of Dr. Egan the question is pertinent, for he avowedly indulges in the "luxury of Old Age." He is a nice old man, and he retires behind the quavering declaration that he speaks "not as a critic." So we cannot be too severe on him. But he is sometimes incredibly stupid. His remarks on the vulgarity of Mark Twain are themselves a perfect example of vulgarity, the expression, that is, of a commonplace, conventional mind. Mark Twain, whose genius has to carry a ton of literary sins, was vulgar only in that he sometimes shared ordinary opinions and was capable of thinking like Dr. Egan and other plain Americans. "A Connecticut Yankee" has many faults, but it has originality and is not like any other book; the unique may be vicious but it cannot be vulgar. Mark Twain's real offense to people like Dr. Egan was that he hated the sacerdotal, and took a hard fling, perhaps misdirected, at the church.

Dr. Egan is by no means stupid in all his judgments. His account of his boyhood reading is pleasant enough, refreshingly free from cant about what is good for children. And some of his adult opinions about books, even his senile opinions, are sensible. He need have no fear that the "nicely discerning may shrink with horror" when he puts "The Education of Henry Adams" beside Newman's "Apologia." The nicely discerning will emphatically approve. But when, apropos Henry Adams's book, he calls Roosevelt "the greatest of all modern Americans," we wish we might see the ironic smile on the face of the shade of Adams.

If Dr. Egan loves his Roosevelt, the Hon. Stephen Coleridge loves his king. He instructs his grandson that "to king George the Fifth by the grace of God it has been reserved to give utterance to what I believe to be the most noble and uplifting address ever delivered by a king to his people." Can patriotic loyalty be more fatuous than that? The rest of us rejoice in "the glory of English prose," but when Mr. Coleridge tells us that "whenever English is displaced, the sun of the most glorious of all days will have set," we are filled with a perverse longing to learn Hebrew and Russian and Chinese. He frequently reminds his grandson that they belong to the great family of Coleridge; but Samuel Taylor, who, as his kinsman says, "was a great critic," would, I think, have writhed at some of the opinions of the legal-literary member of the tribe. Macaulay was "perhaps the greatest essayist that England has ever produced." Matthew Arnold is not, according to the ranking of the modern Coleridge, "among the great prose writers of England." And one reason seems to be that "thousands and thousands of these contemned neglecters of sweetness and light," on whom Arnold "poured his scorn," "stood unflinchingly and died upon the plains of France that our country and its freedom should survive." That would have delighted Arnold as an excruciating specimen of Philistinism.

Fortunately literary criticism in England is not exclusively in the hands of conservative patriots. Mere men of letters still engage in it. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Studies" are the work of an urbane scholar, who can lecture to young men without preaching, who in the act of talking about literature can make it. His judgments are standard and authentic, such as a professor ought to deliver to students, but they are also individual and whimsical. It must be fun to sit in his classes. He gives a fresh glow to what is familiar, and he has a quiet way of correcting other critics without setting himself up as their superior. The essay on Shelley, for example, not only revalues Shelley but revalues Arnold's essay on Shelley. He calls Francis Thompson the "clearest-eyed" of Shelley's critics; and indeed Thompson's essay is perhaps the most beautiful thing that poet ever wrote about poet—in prose. Yet on a more prosaic level Quiller-Couch's essay is the clearest-eyed that I have read. And his essay or "gossip" on Chaucer answers affirmatively Lowell's question: "Will it *do* to say anything more about Chaucer?" He concludes his lectures with a serious but sly quotation from Whitman:

"He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher."

If we substitute "critic" for "teacher," that conclusion is utterly final.

JOHN MACY

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Bright Forts Against Oblivion

The Master-Mistress. Poems by Rose O'Neill, with Drawings by the Author. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.
The Black Panther. By John Hall Wheelock. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
The Box of God. By Lew Sarett. Henry Holt & Company, $1.75.
Cloister, and Other Poems. By Charles L. O'Donnell, .C.S.C. The Macmillan Company. $1.

"I bring this weight of savage singing here,
Fitting for you who feast upon fierce things."

ON this austere note Rose O'Neill opens one of the significant volumes of American poetry. Not for her the formality of kempt verse: in The Sonnet Begs Me she names her role—

"To lift for night's sweet thieves my houseless horn
In broken rhythms of the windy grass."

Such golden utterance merits a title from the most golden-tongued of all our poets. The collection contains more than a score of poems of such amazing beauty and strength that they push outward the bourn of English singing. In these, she stands within that place of savage enchantment sung in Kubla Khan. To say that she is at once established as a leading American poet of today is less true than untrue. She is as American and as much of today as the wind: and no more. She is a sport, a freak: dateless, eternal. Not of her skill nor her teaching does this singing come: half of her body is in the earth; up through it tremble the sweet dark whispers that once made faun and gnome and slant-eyed Pan and uncouth earth-shaking Titan. Often at her best she is mad: a madness as inspired as Blake's, a lucid possession.

"The wind was full of withered leaves,
The golden and the red;
They cried to one who hid his eyes,
'Follow the flying dead.

"'Come loose your soul from off the bough
Where it doth hang and sigh,
And give it to the long-maned wind
And see your dead soul fly.

"'And loose your heart from off the stem
Where it doth pulse and pale,
And on the sea of running air
Let your dead heart sail.

"'For only the dead are travelers,'
The wild leaves sang and said.
"'Follow, follow, follow,
Follow the flying dead!'"

More powerful, in their sustained magic, are long pieces like The Wind Among the Leaves, Sale, The Silent Hound, As I Went By, The Eagle Hunter, The Returned. For sheer lyric sanity, she gives us Established:

"I made a house of houselessness,
A garden of your going:
And seven trees of seven wounds
You gave me, all unknowing:
I made a feast of golden grief
That you so lordly left me,
I made a bed of all the smiles
Whereof your lip bereft me:
I made a sun of your delay,
Your daily loss, his setting:
I made a wall of all your words,
And a lock of your forgetting."

It is profanation not to quote further; yet the book is your best mine, to find your own gold. We must mention Mea Culpa, The Maker's Stealth, And Few There Are, I Made a Little Eater, The Candle. We must forego mentioning Owl Sinister, The Crying Hearts, and a score of worthy others. We cannot forego giving the savage splendor of her The Gift:

"Now that I am lame,
Now the fierce is tame,
Now the mane is shorn,
And the banner torn;
I bring thee, lord,
The shattered sword.
Take the tattered fool,
Take the broken tool,
Take the last offense,
This ruined insolence!"

At her height, she is untouchable. It must be remembered that her singing-ground is always the ghoul-haunted woodland; there is no rounded vision of life here. Be it her blame that she has given us no dirge on the death of the first Mrs. Wilson, no ode on the opening of the Panama Canal, no rhapsody on the election of Harding or Hylan. She is master-mistress of one wild field, in which her words and her magnificent drawings are supreme.

Apparently these poems have not been published in magazines, although their treasure-trove has been known to many of our singers, who wear a faint accolade spun of her glory. This umbrella from the July sun of immediate criticism has helped keep her out of the current of modern poetical thinking, or she would have spared us "I heav-ed me," "thine ensanguined eyes with lethal looks," and other interred Keatsianisms. The mis-indentation practiced in The Bed, The Roads, and elsewhere is something an uninspired adept in poetics could have corrected. Lastly, she lacks the selective faculty, somewhat as Vachel Lindsay lacks it, which explains the pyrites among the more precious ore. But she nods so little, in the large, that we may consider ourselves blessed to have her, and our literature richer for her savage ancient ecstasy.

John Hall Wheelock has established his peculiar province in American singing—the high air of sheer ecstasy. It is the mood of Sunrise and The Marshes of Glynn; it is the mood of the bird-song in Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking; it is a mood almost silent, save for these examples, in our earlier singing, and heard too infrequently now. His former volume, "Dust and Light," contained poem after poem that mounted in breathless rapture to a crescendo of wide rhythmic beauty. There is one poem, The Divine Fantasy, in this compilation, which lifts higher than anything in the previous book. It builds from a noble introduction—

"Life's flag advances on the starry way,
And Consciousness, still battling, still at bay,
Holds the bright forts against Oblivion."

Poetry is no more than bright forts against oblivion. From this exalted mood the climb is to the humbler wonder of the night-noises of earth. Some one has defined genius as the power to make analogies; the poem is strong with such startling images as "Hunger, the shadow cast by death"; and with beauty like:

"Now in the rain-drenched wood
The tree-toad drinks the rain and finds it good,
And trills for joy . . . and the little mouse
Furtively hurries through the lane, his eye
Turned up in terror as the owl goes by . . .
Ecstasy of the firefly that trails
Among the shadows where the starlight fails
His body's burning love. Forever flows
The dreadful drama to its stately close
And endless ending—the fierce carnival
Of death and passion, wherein each and all
Mix, and are mingled, slaughter, blend, and pass
Each into other—the high poem that has
No end and no beginning."

The concluding apostrophe is as deep a note as he has ever sung. Minute observation of nature, transmuted into sheer poetry-

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this it has to a marked degree. His song is at flood-tide in such a piece as Sea Horizons:

"As bread that for my daily fare is broken,
The eternal loveliness before me spread—
Unutterable gesture—word unspoken,
In the proud silences forever said!

"The sun puts forth his strength, the reaches shimmer
With inarticulate rapture, and the proud
Waters are thrilled; the fields of ocean glimmer
With shifting light and overshadowing cloud."

In human relationships, there are varying notes; the most wistful is caught in the couplet:

"Telling of one upon a hopeless quest—
How in the dark of Time he lost his way!"

There is majesty in the opening sonnet and the concluding poem; there is high vision in Night Hath Its Fear, Proud Doom, Blind Players, The Silence, Legend, many others. His weakness is an overdevelopment of the ecstasy, that at times threatens a mere wordlessness; coupled with a slight tendency to repetitiveness. But his contribution to current singing is a unique and vital one.

Lew Sarett is an interesting poet, among other reasons, for his interpretation of Amerind rhythms and moods, growing out of ten years' experience as guide and woodsman among the Indians of the North Country. Two-thirds of this volume are devoted specifically to Indian themes, and the other poems have not forgotten the spell of K'cheegamee land. The opening poem, despite its high praise by Mr. Wheelock, Carl Sandburg, and others, is not as impressive in its totality as many of the shorter things. Its nature flashes are splendid:

"Beyond the peaks
That tusked the sky like fangs of a coyote snarling,
The full-blown mellow moon that floated up
Like a liquid-silver bubble from the waters,
Serenely, till she pricked her delicate film
On the slender splinter of a cloud, melted,
And trickled from the silver-dripping edges. . . .

A cry—pointed, brittle, perpendicular,
As startling as a thin stiff blade of ice
Laid swift and sharp on fever-burning flesh;
The tremulous wail of a lonely shivering wolf,
Piercing the world's great heart like an icy sword."

At the same time, we cannot see the gain in having the Christian missionaries refer to the Indians as "ye men of a bastard birth"; it may be characteristic, but it does not ring true in the evangelical exhortation. The parts where the Indian speaks of his god—

" 'My frien', Ah-deek, you ask-um plenty hard question:
Ugh! w'ere Keetch-ie Ma-ni-do he live?
W'ere all dose Eenzhun spirits walk and talk?
Me—I dunno! . . . Mebbe . . . mebbe over here,
In beaver-pond, in t'rush, in gromping bullfrog;
Mebbe over dere, he's sleeping in dose mountain. . . .' "

These seem out of drawing. Yet this may be a limitation due to insufficient knowledge of the type. It may be characteristic, as the Indian Council talks in the last third of the book may be; but the latter indubitably are not kith of poetry, and at best are interesting ethnological contributions. The other Indian poems are better. Of the miscellaneous verses, many possess a retiring sensitive beauty, reminiscent at times, that rises to poetic distinction in one poem, Let Me Flower as I Will, which is by all odds the most successful thing in the volume. The dominant impression is of a fresh soil for cultivation, a keen sense of beauty at times, but a lack of the synthesizing power to utter with finality the shaped song. This may well come; it is much to have the new word to say.

Mr. Sarett's lack is in great measure Father O'Donnell's merit. This slim volume, in part a reprint of his "The Dead Musician" of six years ago, contains at least half a dozen lyrics which are part of Time's golden pack. He calls high music out of the sonnet:

"Said Alan Seeger unto Rupert Brooke—
They walked by banks of timeless asphodel
Along which Acheron's dim waters fell
With soundless motion—'Wherever here we look,
Brother, are faces that our glances took
For old familiars of that world where dwell
Those that we knew before we came, through hell,
Unto this peace. Familiar as a book
We conned in school is that Virgilian brow,
And one moves toward him with Pindaric grace.
See where they meet, twin shades, and that they bow
Where blind eyes star an old man's wrinkled face.'
And Rupert Brooke to Alan Seeger said,
'These are the immortals, we are but the dead.' "

There is a breathless perfection about such songs as Transformation, Harvest Fields, The Poet's Bread, The Cross, Requital. There is a deep religious note that knows the worshiped abstractions as breathing reality, in The Son of Man, Partus Virginis, and the exquisite quatrain The Son of God. Lacking Francis Thompson's sweep, he is finer in small; we prefer his chiseled gems of song to the best of Father Tabb's. In his longer pieces like The Dead Musician he has evoked stately music, a little thin, but ever authentic; and there are few poets living who have sung better than Forgiveness:

"Now God be thanked that roads are long and wide,
And four far havens in the scattered sky;
It would be hard to meet and pass you by.
And God be praised there is an end of pride,
And pity only has a word to say,
While memory grows dim as time grows gray.
For, God His word, I gave my best to you,
All that I had, the finer and the sweet,
To make—a path for your unquiet feet.
Their track is on the life they trampled through:
Such evil steps to leave such hallowing.
Now God be with them in their wandering."

Savage singing to silver singing—but always singing. To let the old hideous-sweet music of forbidden earth speak again; to let the buried red race have its word; to lift earth high; to bring God near—such are their achievements.

CLEMENT WOOD

Two Major Novelists

The Goose Man. By Jacob Wassermann. Authorized translation by Allen W. Porterfield. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Ditte: Towards the Stars. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Translated by Asta and Rowland Kenney. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

OF the many novels of Jacob Wassermann, the present reviewer has read only the two published in America, but these are sufficient to make it evident that Wassermann's name may be mentioned without too much apology with the names of some of the greater Russians. It is true that neither "The World's Illusion" nor "The Goose Man" is the equal of "Crime and Punishment" or "The Idiot," but there is enough similarity to suggest the comparison and not enough disparity of merit to make it ridiculous. Like Dostoevski, Wassermann belongs with those men who have descended into the hell of poverty and want and who have brought back with them a vision of life which is as fascinating as it is terrible. The form of his novels with their enormous scope and rapidly changing scene is striking, but it is not this form so much as it is the intensity of his spiritual ardor which makes him remarkable. Few contem

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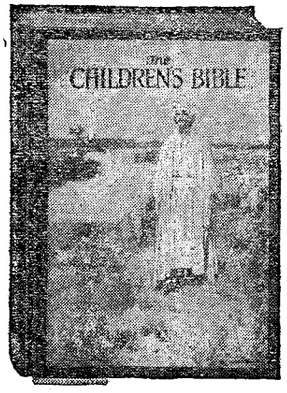

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porary novelists are capable of giving the reader an emotional experience equally powerful.

"The Goose Man" like "The World's Illusion" is the story of a suffering Titan—this time a musician—and the end is again renunciation and a sort of absorption into the vile mass of humanity which Wassermann clasps to his breast with the paradoxical loathing-love of the Russians. Daniel Nothaff, born in destitution, belongs to the race of Brand and Zarathustra in his devotion to impossible perfection. He leads his life in misery and wretchedness, at first because of the meanness and stupidity of the people around him, and then later because in his egotistical devotion to an ideal of perfection he scorns all who would help and proclaim him for his works which are nothing to him because they are not ultimate. He lives aloof from life, and the brutality of his icy self-absorption works in league with the meanness of the rest of the world in bringing misery to all with whom he is concerned, and finally at one swoop are destroyed all the accumulated manuscripts of his tortured years. Then in the final and most powerful section of the whole novel his guardian angel, the Goose Man statue of Nuremberg, appears to counsel and comfort him. "If you had only lived," says the Goose Man, "really and truly lived, Life would have got the best of you, but your love would have been real, the hate you experienced real, your misfortunes real, the lies, ridicule, and betrayal all real, and the shadows of those who have died from you would have taken on reality. Eliminate from your mind now, forever and completely, the delusion that you have borne the sufferings of the world! You have merely borne your own sufferings, loving-loveless, altruistic-egoist, monster, man without a country that you are." The labors of Daniel's tortured life have, in one sense, accomplished nothing, but in another sense accomplished all. They have been no achievement, but they have been an expiation, and now that they are completed and destroyed he is free. "I speak to you as Christ," says the Goose Man. "Rise and go in peace, Daniel! Go with me to my place. (The market-place.) Be *me* for just one day, from morning to evening, and I will be *you*." Daniel is absorbed into life. One has known all along that some such conclusion was inevitable, but so admirably is it worked out that the reader is swept away. As a whole "The Goose Man" is not so good as "The World's Illusion" and it is by no means so well translated but nothing in the former book surpasses this last section. It arouses in the reader that tumult and exaltation which only great art can produce.

The world through which Daniel moves is the nightmare world of the Russians, with avarice, baseness, stupidity, and pure malice the leading motives in the universal symphony. The Anglo-Saxon does not readily accept so hellish a vision but he can understand the circumstances which produced it and feel its horrible power. Like Dostoevski, Wassermann sees things with a sort of insane intensity which only an analogy can explain. Whoever has driven an automobile at night has been terrified by the world which its headlight revealed. Direct dazzling light cuts into the perfect black and throws objects into unrelieved outline. The veriest puddle in the road becomes a jagged black abyss and the gentlest clump of shrubbery outlines itself against the dark with ominous clarity. One would fear, almost, to live in so stark a world, yet terrible as these aspects of the night are they are none the less real and it is with something of this demoniacal intensity that the vision of a Dostoevski or a Wassermann penetrates the gloom which surrounds him. Characters and incidents detach themselves with incredible emphasis and trail gigantic shadows behind them, forming a world more intense than any which we ordinarily see, but none the less real.

Take for example the character of Carovius in "The Goose Man." Blessed with a moderate fortune he spends his days in idleness, frequenting a certain cafe where he mingles, a man of mystery, with the impecunious artists and degenerates who frequent the place. Besides conversation, the newspaper is his chief solace and he loves sensational incident, jotting down in his notebook from time to time bits like the following: "In Cochin China a tiger killed and ate fourteen children, and then, forcing its way into the bungalow of a settler, bit off the head of a woman as she was sleeping peacefully beside her husband." No doubt he seems a harmless man enough to the people who meet him day by day, but Wassermann turns his light upon him and he becomes a monster, gloating voluptuously over the miseries of the starving poets and painters of the cafe and luxuriating in the calamities reflected in the newspapers, "his mind a storehouse of fearful and ferocious happenings, an inventory of disease, seduction, theft, robbery, larceny, assassination, murder, catastrophe, pest, incest, and suicide." He is, says Wassermann, a Nero of our day, "a Nero without servants, without power, without land," and as we see him sitting at his piano pouring out his impotent rage in music we accept him as such a monster indeed.

Only the author's cruel experiences can explain the cruelty of his vision of the world. To us who occupy in comparative safety our little niche in existence, the men and things about us seem kindly or at least indifferent because they have relatively little power to harm us, but the destitute get a different view. What is to us indifference becomes to them malignancy, and what merely passes us by rises to crush them. We get a vision of life different from theirs because we see it from a different angle, we looking down upon it, so to speak, and they looking up as it tramples over their prostrate body. It is no wonder that the car of Juggernaut looks heaviest to those whose limbs it has crushed.

The philosophy as well as the vision of Wassermann needs its explanation, but it too must be accepted as a characteristic phenomenon. The idea of redemption through degradation which runs through Russian fiction and is the keynote of Wassermann as well, has to our minds an element of the grotesque, and it seems to us a sort of perversity to search for one's idealism in the gutter. Yet there certain mystics who have given the tone to a whole school of modern fiction have found it, and sneer as the apostles of healthy-mindedness may, their philosophy has a spiritual reality. Wassermann must be put down as another who has gone the paradoxical way and learned the lesson of love in the contemplation of human depravity.

In superficial outline the lives of Wassermann and Martin Anderson Nexö seem similar, for Nexö also was compelled at a very early age to shift for himself, working first as a farm boy, then as a shoemaker on a fourteen-hour day, and still later as a hod-carrier. Yet similar as the careers were in outline, there was either something bitterer in one than in the other or Nexö's was a more resilient nature, for the stream of his narrative runs clear. "Pelle the Conqueror" and "Ditte" are both, like the two novels of Wassermann, stories of the development of a single great soul, but there is about the two former a directness and simplicity which contrasts markedly with the tortured aspect of the German novels.

"Ditte: Towards the Stars" brings to a conclusion the "Ditte" trilogy which now takes its place beside the four volumes of "Pelle," the two works constituting a twin epic of low-class life—the one being the story of man the worker, and the other the story of woman the mother. As in the last volume of "Pelle" so in this last volume of the other series, the sociological note is struck again and again, for Nexö has strong convictions, but he is too fine an artist to make thesis rather than character the backbone of his novel. Sociology runs only as an undercurrent, and it is the magnificent humanity of Ditte which gives dignity to the work. The first two volumes described the rise of a perfect peasant type, tracing Ditte's life as she passes into service on a farm and from thence to the city and describing her first love; the third volume now recounts her decline. As her magnificent vitality declines she is enmeshed deeper and deeper in the cares of her family and the wretched struggle for existence against the powers of the social organization until she is brought finally to death. She achieves no material triumph and wins no conscious philosophy, for hers

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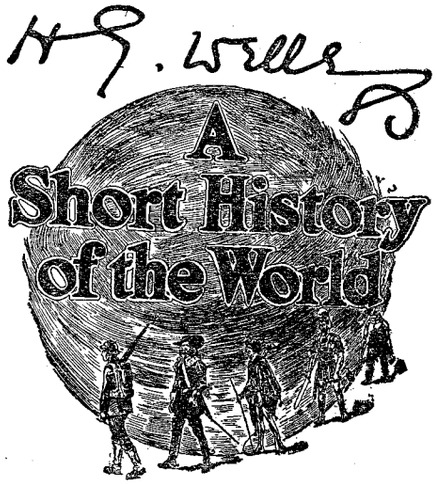

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is not a thinking role. Hers are the virtues simply of magnificent vitality and a good heart and she pours them forth in the service of the children who fall to her care and upon all who are dependent upon her without thought or consciousness of her elemental heroism, laboring not because labor is a duty, but because labor is in her heart. Around this central figure Nexö makes revolve the whole drama of humble life, and his work is magnificently real and balanced because he has succeeded in picturing human depravity without relenting and human goodness without sentimentality. The trilogy constitutes, if you like, an attack upon the social system based upon privilege and the arguments presented are powerful, but it is not so much this fact which constitutes the work's greatness as it is the dignity which the characters assume and the full-blooded reality of the whole.

The philosophy of Wassermann, with its gesture of renunciation, is a mystical religion; that of Nexö is a healthy animalism. Shot through as his work is with sociology, it is upon human nature that his sociology would build, and his hope is in the magnificent health of the will to live and flourish which is embodied in Ditte. When she has come to the end of her journey she is buried in the potters' field at the expense of the community. "That," says Nexö, "was the only honor conferred on her in all of her life—and that was not done voluntarily." "Did she," he asks, "succeed in softening hearts?" and the answer is, of course, "No." But the end is not despair. Ditte is the symbol of suffering humanity which can bear all things and to which, in consequence, all things are possible.

J. W. KRUTCH

Introducing Anthropology

Early Civilization: An Introduction to Anthropology. By Alexander A. Goldenweiser. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

TO open a book leading off with the caption Early Civilization and there to find the societies of the Eskimo, the Tlingit, Haida, and Iroquois Indians of North America, the Negroes of Uganda, and the Blackfellows of the Australian Bush presented as exemplary is certain to touch with mild shock one's lexical prepossessions. Has, then, the word "civilization" nothing of the significance which usage has ascribed to it, as discriminating from savages and barbarians those races and peoples which have enlightenment in their tradition, and are aware of it? Or is the word to go the way of "culture," designating every level, not of refinement, but of want of it?

In Mr. Goldenweiser's opinion civilization is found everywhere among men; everywhere "there is religion, social and political organization, economic pursuits and industries and art; there is ceremonialism, and leadership, and warfare; there is barter and a tendency toward inheritance of privileges and commodities." Accordingly, the Australian Bush and murder-ridden Uganda are in the same form with the British who police them, apparent discrepancies of estate being merely due to the failure of the blacks to actualize their potential gifts—for not only are all men civilized, but potentially all are equal, in Mr. Goldenweiser's view. Most of us had supposed that civilization at least implied civic societies, conscious not only of their law but of their histories, and gifted with some instrument for the transmission of knowledge through measurable centuries. Inevitably distinctions of definition are difficult, but to empty "uncivilized" of meaning is no step toward anthropological, or other, science.

One is given pause, too, touching the content of anthropology, to which science this volume purposes to give introduction. Unquestionably there is need for such a work; the field is vast, the literature is enormous and yearly accumulating; the interest is alert. There is, again, as in all growing subjects, an uncomfortable vagueness of boundaries; problems and limits are not set; the anthropologist encroaches upon the historian and the archaeologist, upon the economist and the political scientist, upon the philologist, the psychologist, and the aesthetician, and even upon the biologist and geologist, of necessity making their problems his and viewing broad measures of their domains as subject to his more comprehensive science of man. Indeed, it is quite possible that the social sciences as a body, with some ancillary help from the natural sciences, will eventually coalesce into a larger unit under the banner of anthropology. Actually, however, in its modern intention, anthropology is a young science with reasonably clear foci, viz., physical anthropology, descriptive ethnology, and the comparative study of religion and custom; if folk-psychology is to be added to these it is because no field of learning, anent man, can be reasonably illumined without analysis of that mind which most distinguishes the human from other animals.

Mr. Goldenweiser's conception of his science is not comprehensive. His book is divided into three parts. In the first he illustrates "early civilizations" with sketchy descriptions of the aboriginal American, African, and Australian groups above mentioned; nothing from the continent which is called the Mother of Civilization; nothing from the tradition whence Europe derives. The second part deals with Industry and Art, Religion and Society of Early Man, and the spotty examples which illustrate these great topics are mainly chosen from North American and Siberian examples, with digressions to the isles of the sea and the Dark Continent. Part three deals with the ideas of early man, passing in review the theories of Spencer, Frazer, Wundt, Freud, and others. Mr. Goldenweiser's chief overt interest in all of these fields centers about the origin and dissemination of cultural traits, and reasonable methods of determining such processes; and he reaches the common-sense conclusion—rather pompously put—that man's native necessities, his natural environment, his invention, and his capacity for borrowing must all be taken into account in explaining the facts. In doing this he performs the service of overriding a number of hobbies which have had some vogue in the literature of anthropology, if not beyond it. But certainly not this merit is sufficient to justify the title of introduction to anthropology to a book for which the problems of the physical character and ethnical distribution of the branches of the human race are non-existent and in which there is no hint of the fascinating variety of things human nor any scale which can assess their values.

In one engaging respect Mr. Goldenweiser's book presents an ulterior problem which itself might be termed anthropological. The author patently falls in with a certain trend of thinking for which social anthropology has a propaganda interest. Men's minds have labored for near three-quarters of a century with a growing contradiction of their innermost convictions: the democratic assertion of the equality of men, which has passed beyond its classical signification of equality before the law into a proclamation of social and moral equivalence, runs precisely counter to the dogmas of evolutionary biology, with its emphases upon differences, fitness, higher and lower; and the consequence has been an uncomfortable fission of our political and scientific beliefs. Naturally the social anthropologist has felt this most keenly, and he has evolved a curious doctrine of compromise, that of the "potential equality" of races, which is thrown, so to speak, in the face of the obvious racial differences of mankind. Essentially the doctrine is nonsense. Even the primitive races are alike (as Mr. Goldenweiser's own meager evidence shows) only in the possession of the traits which mark them as human; their differences, cultural and physical, are many. Nor is there any lessening of the absurdity when an undefined "potentiality" (negatived both by biological and historical science) is brought to the rescue of an indefinable "equality." And to add to the moil, Mr. Goldenweiser stands stoutly for individual differences within the group as a vital factor in progress. Doubtless he is right; individuals are superior and inferior; and with the same justness races and tribes and nations are higher and lower according to their power of producing the better sort of men.

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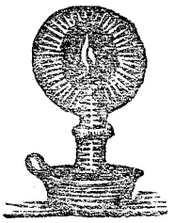

An Open Letter From the Editor of The Century Magazine

WE want to begin by saying a very unbusinesslike thing. There is, in our judgment, no place in the new America of awakened intelligence for a periodical like THE CENTURY MAGAZINE *save as it succeeds beyond cavil in the sort of policy and program discussed in these paragraphs.* This beginning, we realize, violates every known law of good advertising copy. It would be blue penciled by any competent professor of blurbery. But the fact remains that during the last ten years the monthly magazines' public has changed faster than the monthly magazines have changed. The present and potential public for periodicals like THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is no longer satisfied with mere dignity, respectability, or cost. It is an alert and hungry-minded time. The monthly magazine that does not adjust itself to the new demands of this new time must be content with a public confined to the rapidly vanishing survivors of an America that no longer exists.

* * * *

During 1923 THE CENTURY MAGAZINE will be increasingly alive to the newer forces and significant movements in politics, international relations, industry, trade, science, scholarship, religion, literature, and the arts. The last thing we shall do is to impose upon the articles of the coming year any one dogmatic thesis, though one rather definite idea will underlie our articles for 1923. Our articles will constitute a running survey of the elements of hope discernible in our post-war world, which on the surface seems to be given over pretty thoroughly to despair. The editor will continue to discuss in his department, "An American Looks at His World," the broader aspects of the question, "Are we headed toward a new dark ages or a new renaissance?" In addition to this, distinguished minds of England, France, Germany, Italy, Czecko-Slovakia, Russia, Norway, Sweden, India, China, Japan, and other countries will contribute articles that will result from the attempt they are making, at the editor's suggesion, to discover and describe the forces of convalescence, of health, and of hope in their respective countries. Not a line of professional optimism will be admitted to the magazine. *Pollyanna* will not be our patron saint.

* * * *

One of the announcements the editor is most pleased to make is that **Mr. Carl Van Doren,** lecturer on American literature at Columbia University and for the last three years literary editor of "The Nation," has joined the staff of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE as its literary editor.

* * * *

In the monthly articles, which **Mr. Van Doren** will contribute during 1923 he will present a study of American life as it appears to the critic who looks beneath the genteel surfaces at which traditional criticism stops. He will concern himself with those more racy, more characteristic aspects of our common life which most Americans know about in general, but which few have taken the trouble to think about with much precision. **Mr. Van Doren** will go for his documents to some writers who have been frequently discussed and to some who have been habitually neglected. But in both cases he will strike through to the actual life which they represent instead of concerning himself with their technical methods, with the schools to which they belong, or with their ranks and places in any academic or literary hierarchy. This series will offer to CENTURY MAGAZINE readers a new map of the American mind. The writers chosen for this study include, with others to be announced, George Ade, E. W. Howe, Robert Frost, Ring Lardner, H. L. Mencken, Heywood Broun, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Vachel Lindsay, George Santayana, Don Marquis, Christopher Morley, F. P. Adams, and their fellow "colyumists."

* * * *

In addition to this, **Mr. Van Doren,** together with the editor and his associates, will conduct in the front advertising pages of the magazine a book-review section under the title "The Century Survey of Current Books."

* * * *

A little over a year ago, under the able direction of **George S. Leonard,** we undertook to meet the demand for better magazine illustration. Convinced that art and illustration had been too long divorced, we believed that only by turning to the men outside of the pressure of present-day rapid and conventionalized work could the necessary elements of real esthetic value be reintroduced. Especially timely and successful has been the use of woodcuts in the magazine. Here was a form of illustration and decoration quite delightful, quite new, and meeting the conditions named above. It is a form of the graphic arts coming rapidly into fresh popularity, and because it makes such demands for skill upon the artists, it may prove the salvation of modern magazine illustration. It is our plan to offer out readers through the coming year many more examples of this new medium of work in conjunction with more illustrative drawings by well known painters, several series of foreign and American caricatures, and examples of the work of the more decorative school of pen and ink.

* * * *

We may mention, in passing, that during the next few months **G. K. Chesterton, Bertrand Russell, Alfred E. Zimmern,** and other distinguished publicists will appear in our pages. In early numbers we shall publish the first poem which **George Santayana** has written for many years, and another long poem by **Amy Lowell,** whose "House in Main Street" was a feature in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE during 1922. The adventurous traveler will be in our pages. **Rockwell Kent,** distinguished artist, is now in Patagonia, doing for that region what he did for Alaska with his pen and his brush. The early months of 1923 will find **Zona Gale**'s richly conceived and exquisitely done novel, "Faint Perfume," and **Johan Bojer**'s starkly beautiful novel, "The Last of the Vikings," still running in our pages.

* * * *

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The Kaiser and His Son

The Kaiser's Memoirs. 1888-1918. By William II, Emperor of Germany. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Memoirs of the Crown Prince of Germany. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

BETHMANN was utterly inadequate, Lichnowsky deluded, Max of Baden curse-branded—according to William Hohenzollern. He himself, despite all testimony to the contrary, sent the Kruger telegram against his will, made the Tangier speech against his will, gave the famous *Telegraph* interview against his will, sent the Panther to Agadir against his will, permitted a German Prince to accept the throne of Albania against his will; indeed, to trust the Kaiser's memoirs, all German mistakes were due to the failure of his chancellors to take their Kaiser's advice. Indeed, in his new modesty, he tells us that the pre-war picture of him as a splendid ruler was pure fabrication. "The Emperor has influence on foreign policy only in so far as the Chancellor grants it to him," he reiterates. To be sure, within thirty pages of this passage he pipes another tune: "I caused the initiation of measures . . . I particularly told . . . I immediately telegraphed . . .," etc. In fact this *Selbstbildnis* mirrors a vain, apologetic—apology and vanity often go hand in hand—and utterly inconsistent second-rate character. The man is a braggart, a blow-hard, a credulous self-deceiver.

His naive credulity is revealed in two of his many explanations of the origin of the war. He quotes from Roland Usher's "Pan-Germanism"—a book which makes such absurd statements about Germany that a German should have been suspicious of its treatment of his enemies—a reference to a supposed "gentlemen's agreement" between France, England, and the United States, "probably before the summer of 1897" (when France and England were in the Fashoda stage of glare-and-growl and the United States was still valiantly twisting the lion's tail). To this fabulous anti-German agreement he returns again and again. He has not room to tell of his judgment of the Austrian ultimatum, or of Germany's early authorization to Austria to go full steam ahead. But there are pages devoted to such stuff as this:

"I have been informed that an important role was played in the preparation of the World War directed against the monarchical Central Powers by the policy of the international "Great Orient Lodge"; a policy extending over many years and always envisaging the goal at which it aimed. . . . The distinguished German Freemason who explained to me this whole interrelationship . . . said that in 1917 (*sic*) an international meeting of the lodges of the 'Great Orient' was held, after which there was a subsequent conference in Switzerland; at this the following program was adopted: Dismemberment of Austria-Hungary, democratization of Germany. . . ."

Then, after reciting this post-war poppycock, and giving absolutely nothing new about the origin of the war, he explains his decision to flee to Holland instead of committing suicide by saying "I knew that I was called upon to champion the cause of my people in the clearing up of the question of war guilt." There is a plenty to be cleared up in that complex question, but no such nitwit as this ex-Kaiser can help us.

The Crown Prince is a chip of the old block. He, too, is vain, omniscient, self-defending. Yet, surprisingly, there is more human warmth in his narrative than in his father's. Perhaps it is because he called in a professional journalist to help him write it. Perhaps it is because he was always gayer, more zestful of life. He is less sour, although even more sentimental. It is in his attitude to his father—proud, defending him against outside attack in the end, yet frankly and bitterly resentful that his father did not take him more seriously—that he is most human and most likable. Like his father he makes Tirpitz his hero. After lauding Tirpitz to the skies he frankly explains it thus: "Tirpitz was the only man in the Government who showed any understanding of my fears and anxieties." Bethmann he hates and despises—"a sluggish and irresolute bureaucrat." Bethmann's admission of the wrong in marching through Belgium was "the loss of the first great battle"; there is no other view of Belgium in either Hohenzollern's story. He savagely defends his enthusiastic share in the Zabern uproar, and denounces pacifists and Socialists as a Hohenzollern should; then, on other pages, announces a spurious liberalism as the policy which Germany lost in losing him. One suspects the hand of the journalist-prompter.

All in all, it is a pity that the Hohenzollern family did not take to writing memoirs long ago. It would have given a powerful fillip to the republican movement in Germany.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Exit the Kaiser

And the Kaiser Abdicates: the German Revolution, November, 1918-August, 1919. By S. Miles Bouton. Revised Edition. Yale University Press. $2.50.

ONE obstacle to clear thinking in social matters is the pernicious tendency to personify nations: "France is sincere; America loves justice." Equally pernicious is the use of words of a biological or pathological implication. The German Empire, says Mr. Bouton, was destroyed "by a cancer that had been eating at its vitals for eighty years. The cancer was socialism" (p. 43). This, of course, begs the question, assuming what has to be demonstrated, namely, that socialism is the disease and not the remedy. How easy to reply: No, the cancer that destroyed the German Empire was "militarism," or "hohenzollernism"; socialism was only nature's method of counteracting the poison. Both metaphors are fantastic, and both are nonsense.

Fortunately, this little excursus into philosophy does very little to detract from the high value of the book as a whole, which is a plain narrative of events mostly observed at first hand, together with conclusions and judgments in respect to particular men and circumstances which are based rather upon the facts than upon preconceived ideas. What particularly stands out in this day-by-day, almost hour-by-hour account is that the German Revolution, like most great revolutions, was not the result of far-sighted and deliberate planning. The image of "revolution" as a mighty upheaval overturning something solid is a false one. On the contrary, the revolution was really accomplished before it was realized that a revolution was in process. The German Empire, like the absolute monarchy in France, like the autocracy of the Czar, simply collapsed for want of foundation; when people realized that nothing any longer sustained the government they began to plan a new regime.

Mr. Bouton quotes at length from Count von Schulenberg's narrative of what occurred at Headquarters on November 9. The account is both interesting and illuminating. The monarchy had fallen before the revolutionists, except the extreme left, were prepared to establish a republic; the Kaiser without knowing it had ceased to rule before he abdicated. He abdicated as Kaiser only when it was at last borne in upon him that he could command neither voluntary obedience nor the military force to compel it. Even then he abdicated only as Kaiser, and fled to Holland, under pressure and against his own judgment, still thinking he was King of Prussia. The Body Politic was dead before the cancer—(I can't finish this metaphor; let Mr. Bouton do it).

Mr. Bouton's account of the formation of the Weimar Constitution is as admirable as his account of the Revolution. One obtains a clear idea of the relative strength of the three wings of the socialists, of the efforts and the failure of the radicals to make a bolshevist government, and of the extreme difficulties of the situation in which the Germans formed their constitution. That the new constitution is democratic, that it adopts a

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modified form of the English system of parliamentary responsibility, that it greatly diminishes the autonomy of the states, that it is much concerned with "principles which . . . make possible far-reaching changes along Marxian lines"—all these points are well brought out. Mr. Bouton's final estimate is just and admirable: "Considering all the attendant circumstances of its birth . . . the framers and proponents of the constitution accomplished a national deed of dignity and worth. They might easily have done much worse; it is impossible for one who watched the developments of those trying days to assert that they could have done much better." (p. 290-291.)

Mr. Bouton is a sworn foe of the cancer of socialism, or at least of bolshevism, and is as anxious to destroy it as the statesmen of the Entente Powers were in 1919. His estimate of the effectiveness of their methods, since he disagrees with them, has therefore a special value. Being on the spot, he saw clearly that the armistice, the continuation of the blockade, and the peace of Versailles all contributed to weaken the conservative democratic elements and to strengthen the Bolsheviks. He quotes with approval Lord Henry's statement that "the blockade was the Bolshevists' best friend and had no other purpose [effect?] than to enable England to cut off her own nose in order to spite Germany's face." (p. 252.) Apropos of the Senate's refusal to allow any of the money appropriated for food-relief in Europe to be used in Germany, he comments: "Just how an ulcer in Germany was to be cured by poulticing similar ulcers in other countries is doubtless a statesman's secret." (p. 53.) Of the peace of Versailles, this opponent of socialism has this to say:

"The Treaty of Versailles has Balkanized Europe; it has to a large degree reestablished the multiplicity of territorial sovereignties that handicapped progress and caused continuous strife more than a century ago; it has revived smoldering race-antagonisms which were in a fair way to be extinguished; it has created a dozen new *irredentas*, new breeding-places of war; it has liberated thousands from foreign domination but placed tens of thousands under the yoke of other foreign domination, and has tried to insure the permanency not only of their subjection, but of that of other subject races which have for centuries been struggling for independence. Preaching general disarmament, it has strengthened the armed power of one Power by disarming its neighbors, and has given to it the military and political domination of Europe. To another Power it has given the control of the high seas. It has refused to let the laboring masses of the world—the men who fought and suffered—be represented at the conference by delegates of their own choosing. Such a treaty could not bring real peace to the world even if the conditions were less critical and complex. As they are, it will hasten and aggravate what the world will soon discover to be the most serious, vital, and revolutionary consequences of the war." (p. 269-270.) CARL BECKER

From Drake to Smuts

The Development of the British Empire. By Howard Robinson. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

ONCE upon a time salt meat and salt fish were the staple articles of food in Europe during the long winters. Hence the British Empire. For the search for something to make so monotonous a diet appetizing led to the opening of trade routes to the East, whence alone spices could be obtained. To satisfy the demand for nutmegs, cloves, and pepper intrepid explorers —Italian, Portuguese, Dutch, and British—made perilous journeys by land and sea, and out of rivalry in this commercial expansion came ultimately the empire on which the sun never sets. If anyone imagines that in these days the necessities of the menu no longer provoke international complications, let him recall the trouble about the Newfoundland fisheries not many years ago.

In this compact volume, a model of historical summary, Dr. Robinson traces for us the successive stages in Great Britain's acquisition and administration of her overseas dominions, large and small. He shows us that the popular imperialist slogan, "Trade follows the flag," is an inversion of the facts. He points out, again and again, that the course of empire followed, instead of preceding, private commercial enterprise. In his story we see how, as far back as Elizabethan times, the colonial development of England was hampered by her political relation to the Continent, and how during the Stuart period the energies of France were similarly diverted from the utilization of colonizing opportunities to fruitless efforts to make large territorial gains in Europe. Holland, too, lost her early commercial leadership largely through the drain of foreign wars upon her resources. Fighting, after all, is not good business.

But even the peaceful trader can muddle things when he concentrates his attention too narrowly upon his immediate personal interests. With the results of the policy of mercantilism every American should be familiar, though the lesson seems not yet to have been learned by tariff-makers and subsidy-propagandists at Washington. Dr. Robinson rightly emphasizes the imperial as well as commercial benefits derived by Great Britain from her adoption of a free-trade policy in the nineteenth century. It stimulated manufactures in the home country, which the colonies found to be the best market for their raw materials, with the result that Britain became the emporium for colonial trade.

A considerable portion of this book necessarily traverses ground that has already been covered by the historical textbooks. Even so, it is of service to the student to get so well-balanced a grouping and so concise a survey of the essential facts in the history of British imperial development. The gradual supplanting of the old autocratic colonial system by the modern practice of judicious compromise is especially well brought out.

It is in its record of what has happened since the accession of Queen Victoria that Dr. Robinson's treatise is of greatest value, for it brings together important data which one would otherwise have to seek from many sources. The author gives us a lucid analysis of the new imperialism which has been so significant a phenomenon of the last few decades. He calls attention to the stimulus it received from the appearance of rival empires and to the effect of the pressure of colonial feeling toward extension of territory. He does not ignore even the influence of Kipling's verses in promoting the imperial sentiment. On the political side, an outstanding feature is the movement toward federation or union in British colonies in all parts of the world. Canada, the New Zealand provinces, Australia, and South Africa have in turn responded to this impulse, and the end is not yet. Imperial federation is another matter, and Dr. Robinson is probably right in judging that its prospects of being realized are less promising today than they seemed to be a generation ago.

Incidentally, the narrative throws into relief many points of curious interest. One is reminded, for instance, of how an explorer sometimes misses what he might have been expected to see, as when Tasman accomplished the remarkable exploit of sailing completely around Australia without once sighting its shores. It is strange, too, to remember today that the British only just forestalled the French in both New Zealand and Australia. Had Australia been opened for settlement half a century earlier, Dr. Robinson comments, it is not at all improbable that it might have been divided among the European Powers, as were India and North America, and might have become the scene of colonial wars. Another remarkable incident was the request of Western Australia, owing to scarcity of labor, to receive convicts at a time when the other Australian colonies were trying to rid themselves of this incubus. The indulgence of this unwholesome appetite had the unexpected result of delaying the grant of representative government to Western Australia until forty years after that boon had been conferred upon her neighbors.

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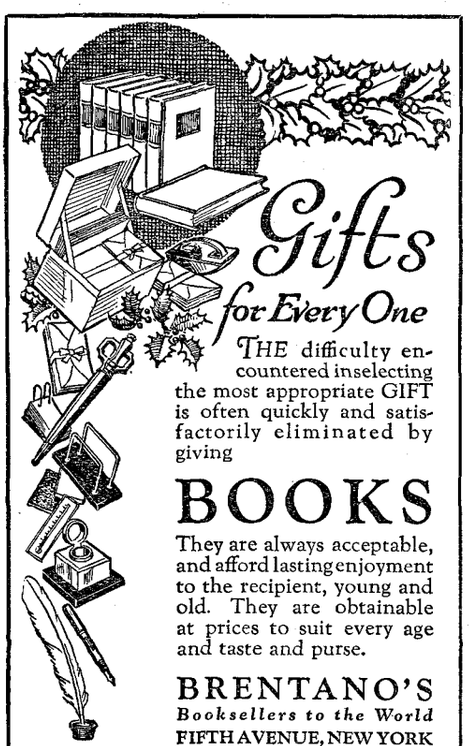

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Dr. Robinson has brought his story well up to date. In the effort to be abreast of the times, he has run the risk of going ahead of them, as when he speaks of the partition and distribution of the Turkish Empire as one of the results of the World War. But that is no fault of Dr. Robinson's. He not only summarizes such important developments as the recent movements for autonomy in India and Egypt, but takes note of some minor events that might easily have been overlooked, such as the treaty with Afghanistan and the new constitution of Malta. The style of the book is slipshod, but there are few errors in matters of fact. Vancouver, however, is not on Vancouver Island, nor is it the capital of British Columbia (p. 406). Neither was Sinn Fein a "distinct menace" at the opening of the war of 1914 (p. 434).

The text is illustrated by an excellent series of maps, and the bibliographical notes appended to the several chapters also deserve commendation. Books, however, that are of English origin and are only secondarily issued on this side of the Atlantic should not be set down as of American publication. It is confusing, for instance, to find Morley's Gladstone mentioned as published in London, but Monypenny and Buckle's Disraeli and Gwynn and Tuckwell's Dilke as published in New York. There has been some unintelligent workmanship in the compilation of the index. "Navigation Act" and "Navigation laws" are separate entries, with "Navigation, growth of British" sandwiched between them. And for references to the Netherlands one has to look partly under "Holland" and partly under "Dutch."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

To the Farmer and for the Farmer

The Labor Movement and the Farmer. By Hayes Robbins. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

The Agricultural Bloc. By Arthur Capper. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

MR. ROBBINS writes to explain the labor movement to the farmer. Senator Capper writes to explain the farmer's discontent and the rise of a farmer group in Congress to the rest of the country. There is good reason for both books, and both fill their purpose fairly well.

The leaders of farm thought and the more thoughtful farmers need better to understand the desires and ideals back of the labor organizations and to have a broader, truer idea of where the labor movement comes from and where it is going. It is doubtful if the farmers of the country, as a class, were ever less in sympathy with organized labor as a body, ever more inclined to doubt the immediate purposes and to question the essential sanity of the men who have been directing the policies of organized labor. For much of this attitude toward them the labor unions have themselves to blame. Much of it is due directly to the poor pay the farmers have been receiving for their own labor the last few years. Much of it, I am persuaded, is due to the muddled thinking of the whole country which has confused every movement of a radical, or even a progressive, nature with the extremest ideas of the few real promoters of violence and disorder.

The farmer is naturally a conservative; it is only when things are going decidedly wrong that he becomes a radical, and even then he is likely to be distrustful of the radicalism of other people. Engaged in a business in which he must stick to his job or go under he is not likely to be patient of strikes, and when those strikes directly injure him he is likely to become excessively impatient with all strikers. Rightly or wrongly the mass of farmers blame union labor for many of their own present troubles. The great majority of farmers have scant knowledge of the long struggle of the industrial workers for fair living conditions and are not in position, because of this lack of knowledge, to judge fairly the labor struggles of the present.

Mr. Robbins has done his work well. That he is an attorney and not a judge is plain throughout the book, but he impresses one as a fair pleader and as one who believes in his case. Farmers and laborers in industry have interests in common and interests in direct opposition, but each side will do well to keep in mind that, as Mr. Robbins says, the great fight of both is a fight for essentially the same thing, a higher standard of life, and that a misunderstanding of each other's aims may result in futile and costly effort to prevent what is both desirable and inevitable.

If the farmer needs better to understand what laboring men are trying to get and what they have to contend against, the country at large needs the same better understanding of the farmers' aims and their causes of complaint. Senator Capper is the farmers' attorney, and he presents his case clearly, temperately, and on the whole justly. His book is essentially timely—it deals with conditions which may be entirely changed in two or three years, and may be altogether out of date by that time, but it does make clear how farmers feel and why they feel so just at the present time.

It is fair, I think, to say that almost every measure advocated—a high protective tariff alone excepted—will help the farmers of the country in some measure to strengthen their position economically and to make their work yield them a more satisfactory living. That the Senator could look to a protective tariff as one of the means of agricultural reconstruction, however, shows how superficial his study of the whole question has been. The things he advocates are the things the farmer sentiment of the country has demanded. Valuable as his work for the freedom of cooperative marketing has been, he seems to have only a faint idea of the deeper meaning of the development of cooperative business methods and the ideals of cooperation.

One is perhaps a bit surprised when he goes so far as to say that it is a fallacy to suppose that increasing land prices are a benefit to farmers in general, but that they are an indication of a drift toward tenant farming, and an increase in the fixed charges against production which the consumer must pay. It is doubtful if there is another expression in the book with which the majority of farmers would not agree. That one is an exceedingly hopeful sign. It may mean that some day this very capable Senator will really get down to a study of the basic problems of agriculture and really lead the farmers in a definite movement toward a real economic freedom.

The book, none the less, is a good book for the man off the farm to read, for it is a mirror of the typical farmer's mind.

E. E. MILLER

An Italian Idealist

The Reform of Education. By Giovanni Gentile. Translated by Dino Bigongiari. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

THE human heart has always hoped, however much the human mind may have doubted, that ideality lies somehow at the heart of things. The whole history of philosophical idealism may be largely interpreted as an attempt to substantiate the truth of this congenial dream, an attempt made more and more difficult in the last century by the disillusioning revelations of mechanical and biological science. The blind cruelty of nature and the pitiless operation of natural selection have made it almost impossible to maintain a naive faith in or a dialectical proof of the essential goodness of things. Yet in the face of wave after wave of positivism, materialism, and pragmatism, there has grown up in Italy in the last three decades a vivid and energetic young idealism. Its central doctrine is the ancient insistence that the essence of reality is spiritual and that the life of each man is a pulse in that universal spirit whose activity is the life of all things. The leaders of the movement have been Croce and Gentile, whose most common quality is their eloquence and ardor. The metaphysical apparatus is German; more specifically it is the technique of Hegel. But the passion and the accent are Italian and Catholic, and much that

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in its Protestant and German setting is dead and forbidding, becomes in its ultramontane dress persuasive and alive.

The volume of Gentile under review is ostensibly a book of somewhat chauvinistic addresses to teachers in the newly Italian city of Trieste. It is perhaps less important as an essay in education than as a concrete introduction to the idealistic position which lies behind it. Assuming the difficult (and dubious) dialectics by which they are arrived at, Gentile's conclusions may be summarized as follows: The essence of reality is thought, by the activity of which all thinkable things have their being. Thought is not conceived as a lifeless and static structure, nor the universe, as in Hegel, as a kind of cosmic syllogism. Gentile's Thought may be said to be the Absolute of the Hegelians made vital and dynamic, or Bergson's "élan vital" spiritualized and logicized. Thought is the activity of the Spirit, and the activity of the Spirit is free. The universe is an "Odyssey of the Spirit," in which the Spirit creates its own world as it goes and as it grows. Reality is Spirit, Spirit is Creation, Creation is Becoming, and Becoming is Free.

It would take too much space—and too much attention on the part of the reader—to display the logical preliminaries to this metaphysical peroration. In translation the demonstration is very difficult to follow, though one suspects that the difficulties are logical rather than verbal and would be equally baffling in the original. But the logic, which is far from water-tight, is in any case less interesting than the moral intensities and ardors which lie behind it. Gentile's work is avowedly part of the propaganda which he and Croce have been waging for twenty years, as Croce says in the Introduction, "to shake Italy out of the doze of naturalism and positivism back to idealistic philosophy." It is the heroic attempt to maintain in the face of all the contrarious evidence of contemporary science that things are not the external dead mechanisms they seem, but the production of a universal creative spirit. However dubious may be the basis of the contention—and some shabby old dialectical juggling is resorted to in the demonstration—the moral consequences are clear. Since only the Spirit is real, and since each of us, in so far as he is real, is the universal Spirit, what is true of reality entire is true of each of us. Not simply the universe is creative and free, but so are we. Not simply is the future of the cosmos a career of untold possibility, but so is the career of each of us.

It is at this point that the educational consequences of the doctrine break upon us. The aim of education is the liberation and enhancement of the living spirit that each of us most truly is. It is not the acquisition of dead external facts, or the mastering of dead and separate routines. Education is education of the spirit or it is nothing. And education of the spirit means, in Gentile's own words, "the extolment of the pupil's own personality, the helping him to create his own world." "We want mathematics," he writes, "but we want it in the man. And the same for economics, religion, poetry, and all the rest. Otherwise we suffocate and die stifled. For all these are things, and there is no life. And things oppress and kill us. Let us, therefore, spiritualize things by reviving the spirit. Let us release it so that it may freely move in the organic unity of nature. Let us train it so that its strength, agility, and balance and all-round development may be able to control all its dependent functions, which can be successfully carried on only on condition that they agree and collaborate toward common life."

One does not have to accept Gentile's metaphysics or to follow his dialectic, to find something stirring and important in his invective against education that is mere scrappy acquisition of information and mere deadening routine. One can find an almost identical polemic in a "dozing naturalism" as far removed from that of Gentile as is the philosophy of John Dewey. One does not have to accept Gentile's doctrine of the Universal Creative Spirit to see that he means by the human spirit human personality, and to agree with him that education should foster and not kill it. His whole philosophy indeed, in its moral import, seems to be a reaction against the modern mechanization and "robotization" of life, rather than a mere philosophical answer to the doctrines of mechanism. It is essentially a reassertion on a cosmic scale of the primacy of personality, in a world which has been deadened by the weight of things. So deeply is Signore Gentile concerned for the fostering and enrichment of a creative personality that he is not willing to stop until he has pictured the whole universe itself as just such a personality—of which the individual is a single instance and a single throb.

One cannot but be sympathetic with the beautiful intention, whatever one thinks of the method. It is a little late in the day to dismiss the whole structure of experimental knowledge with a dialectical wave of the hand. Nor will the chastened contemporary mind prefer eloquence to inquiry. It is healthy nevertheless to move for a little while in a realm of discourse whose cadences are so different from those heard among the devotees of test tubes and reaction times. It is good to find a philosopher who hates so much the mechanization of life that he tries to prove that mechanism itself is an illusion. Like most philosophical idealisms, Gentile's, though it cannot be taken literally, may well be taken seriously. The universe may not be in its essence an adventure of creative freedom. But to say that it is, eternalizes in cosmic symbols a moving human ideal. Not even the most intransigent positivist will quarrel with Signore Gentile when he insists that the aim of education is to promote this ideal, to contribute to the growth of personality, to provoke creation, and to promote freedom. Nor will anybody of whatever philosophical faith fail to applaud the wise specific things he has to say about the content and the method of the educational process. Here's hoping that as the new Fascist Minister of Education, he will translate into effective practice the enthusiasm of his closing vision:

"Every education is good provided it is education, philosophical, human, mind-stirring education, provided it does not bring atrophy to any necessary function of the spirit, does not crush the spirit under the weight either of things or of the divinity, nor excessively exalt it in the consciousness of its own personal power; provided it neither hurls it into the free abstract world of dreams, nor fetters it in the iron chains of an inhuman reality, and provided it does not shatter it nor scatter its fragments, by the multiple investigation of things innumerable, the knowledge of which can never bring satisfaction."

IRWIN EDMAN

Scandinavian Art

Scandinavian Art. Illustrated. By Carl Laurin, Emil Hannover, Jens Thiis. With an introduction by Christian Brinton. The American-Scandinavian Foundation. $8.

WHEN three men preeminently wise about the art of their countries write about it, the lay brother must speak warily lest he be thought an ignorant trespasser on holy ground. For the superstition still lingers that only the wielder of the brush or chisel, unless he be the fortunate director of an art museum or a professional collector, can appreciate painting and sculpture understandingly. Especially in this country, all others are bidden to gaze upon art in wonderment, to buy it, and to choke their opinions about it. No doubt there is art snobbery in the Scandinavian countries, but if I read the authors of this work aright, the expression of public opinion about art is cultivated over there rather than suppressed.

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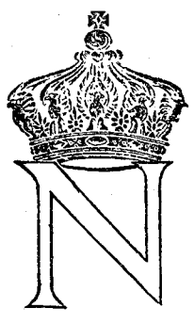

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Smiling, mysterious, terrifying, implacable nature is the deity which presides over Northern art, not a divinity cast in human form. The professional critics trace such characteristics of art with much learning, and one can read about them in this admirable book. One is set to speculate how far the strongest traits of Northern art have their root not so much in environment and remoteness from world centers as in certain racial characteristics of the pure Nordic elements.

Scandinavian art, in its untrammeled forms, is still young and therefore brings the delight of freshness and the surprising; it is national in the best sense and in keeping with recent cultural developments in other domains. The authors trace its growth and development in the three countries in great detail—shall one say with an almost too liberal mention of names and works? Can it be said of most of the painters and here the painful artist has so distinctly wrought that you can almost say his picture thought?

But with every allowance for discrimination, the wonder remains at the plants of genius springing so lavishly from Scandinavian soil. The index to artists contains nearly eight hundred names and covers for the most part but a century or less. Surely a generous contribution from three countries sparse in population and even less distinguished for riches! And it is to such places that our Main Streeters send missionaries and would bring the blessings of our own brand of culture!

Once more the Scandinavian-American Foundation has done a service commensurate with its purpose in bringing out this rich volume, which is the first in any language dealing comprehensively and competently with the art of the three Scandinavian kingdoms. It has been the labor of several years and was made possible by the gift of Mr. C. Henry Smith, of San Francisco, as well as by the cooperation of unusually qualified authors, each one of the three of foremost rank in his own country: Carl G. Laurin writing of Swedish art, Emil Hannover of the Danish, and Jens Thiis of the Norwegian. But why, oh why, is the book so weighty also in the crude sense—three pounds by actual test!

JOHN KOREN

Rare Books and Their Prices

Book Prices Current. E. P. Dutton and Company. $20.

TO judge from the size and contents of the volume of "American Book Prices Current" for 1921, just issued by Dutton and Company, there would seem to be as little likelihood of an end to the collecting of books as there is to the making of them. Indeed, book-collecting has taken on a new lease of life in these days of ampler means for indulging in the more agreeable exercitations of the human spirit. Bibliomania is on the increase, however, not because of a more widespread compulsion of the passion, but because of a method imparted to the madness by commercialism. Its symptoms, so far from indicating a pathological condition in the victim, are accepted as the signs of sanity in a fresh enterprise. There are now no amateurs, for all are connoisseurs. The bibliophile of a generation ago is the bibliopole of today, and the book-lover has disappeared in the book-seller. Hence the eager interest in book prices, and hence also the necessity for such a record for reference as this portly tome presents.

An analysis of this record precipitates some interesting conclusions which deserve the attention of the cognoscenti: (1) The rare books of the Elizabethan writers are increasing in price to an astonishing degree. The first editions of the two volumes of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" (1590-96) which, twenty years ago, sold at auction for $375, brought last year $1,200. Ten years ago the same author's "Colin Clouts Come Home Again" (1595) sold for $50; last year it fetched $300. In 1910 a copy of Shakespeare's "Poems" (1640) brought $530; last year a copy realized $3,000. (2) The first editions of the works of Dickens and Thackeray are still in great demand, especially those issued in the monthly parts and the rarer small volumes not generally read. "Pickwick Papers" (1836), in the original parts, sold for $2,800, and "Vanity Fair" (1848), also in the original parts, brought $750. Thackeray's "King Glumpus" (1837) at $2,000, his "Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841) at $910, and his "The Snob" (1829) at $1,575 point to the lengths to which speculators will go. (3) Rare Americana are increasing in prices, as are also the accounts of the early voyagers and travelers. Hakluyt's "Divers Voyages" (1582), lacking one of the maps, realized $4,350, and Linschoten's "Discours of Voyages" (1598) brought $500. Twenty years ago the former could have been bought for $1,000 and the latter for $50. A fresh interest is being evinced in the books and pamphlets relating to the settlement and foundation of the different States of the Union. New England, however, is still in the lead, but California and Oregon are coming to the front. Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England" (1726), a little octavo volume of 138 pages, which Henry Stevens, the Green Mountain Boy, sold for fifteen guineas a generation ago, found a purchaser last year at $650. "New England's First Fruits" (1643), which the same bookseller catalogued for $17.50, brought last year $435, a stained copy at that, and lacking the leaf of "errata." (4) Books printed in England in the first quarter of the nineteenth century with the colored illustrations by the macaronic artists of the day have greatly increased in price, as have also the "Sporting Books" of the same period with colored plates by Alken. (5) "Association" books have gone up enormously in prices. A first edition, rare in itself, will bring ten and twenty times its regular price if it is a presentation copy from the author or is in any way associated with him or with some famous writer or personality. The present record of auction prices affords some interesting comparisons in this respect. A first edition of Dickens's "American Notes" sold for $16, but an inscribed presentation copy to C. C. Felton sold for $700. "Bleak House," in the original parts, sold for $56, but an inscribed copy sold for $450. A copy of "Hard Times" presented by Dickens to Frank Stone brought $650, and a "Martin Chuzzlewit," worth about $20 in its ordinary form, realized $500 in the presentation copy to Thomas Chapman. The half-bound copy of "Vanity Fair," worth about $15 without Dickens's book-plate and his letter, found a purchaser at $1,550 because it contained the book-plate and letter. (6) A remarkable competition for the first editions of the books by modern writers, both English and American. This, no doubt, is due to a reaction from the difficulty experienced in obtaining the rarities of past generations. It is thus that the collector and trader open up fresh fields for their diversion and profitable enterprise. Joseph Conrad's "Chance," published in 1913 for $1.50, sold last year for $97.50, and his "The Nigger of the Narcissus" (1898) for $55. Dreiser's "Sister Carrie," a dollar and a half novel of 1906, is now worth $55. A brochure of two leaves by Thomas Hardy, printed for him in 1915, entitled "The Oxen," brought $100, and the Lovell's Library edition of his "Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," published in New York in 1883 for 25 cents, sold for $40. George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life," published in 1906 for $1.50, sold for $47.50 in 1921. And the tale of such prices is not yet told, for since the occurrence of these sales the prices of these books have gone up still further. Whether these prices will be maintained or not is a question for the next generation to answer, but during the coming few years they are certain to increase.

Apart from these tendencies, a few unusual prices recorded in this volume deserve special attention. The possessor of a copy of B. F. Kendall's "Doleful Tragedy of the Raising of Jo Burnham," printed at Woodstock, Vt., in 1832, will be glad to learn that this little book sold for $301, and that a copy of the same author's "The Ex-Chief Justice and the Printer," also printed at Woodstock, Vt., but in 1836, is also worth $301. Thomas Jefferson's "Appendix to the Notes of Virginia relative to the Murder of Logan's Family," printed at Philadelphia in 1800, sold for $380. Thirty-six numbers of the "California

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Star," issued in 1847-8, brought $400. A copy of Surtees's "Analysis of the Hunting Field" (1846) brought the high price of $415. The original manuscript of Byron's "Sardanapalus," consisting of 12 pages quarto and 144½ pages folio, sold for $3,300, but the original manuscripts of the five long De Morgan novels, consisting of 4,439 sheets, brought only $1,675. Poe's manuscript of "Annabel Lee" of two pages sold for $1,200, and the complete manuscript of Holmes's "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" for $2,300. TEMPLE SCOTT

The Quality of Mercy

Neighbors Henceforth. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THIS is the last volume of Mr. Owen Wister's trilogy dedicated to the proposition that the glorious and sloppy idealism generated by the war should still keep its plumage even if we have to glue the feathers to the eagle's back. A grand finale to "The Pentecost of Calamity" and "A Straight Deal," it outcreels Creel in making the world safe for Hun-haters and pleasant old gentlemen who dislike having their breakfasts spoiled by distressing accounts that persist in finding their way into the morning newspapers. It is depressing and amusing.

Between the first and second parts of the book the curtain is run down for the space of two years. Shortly after the war was over, Mr. Wister hit the trail "In the Footsteps of the Hun," went here and there like Diogenes trying, however, not so much to find an honest man as any man who would give him a piece of silver remnant with which to line his dark cloud. And he found them, a Tommy here, a Doughboy there, a Poilu in a third place, a major, a peasant, a sanctimonious hypocrite, all capable of being pieced together to make the loveliest of quilts to cover the nakedness of ten thousand lies. He found a "malign, putrescent Germany," a land teeming with men whom, to quote a sailor acquaintance of Mr. Wister's, "we just looks at like scum or vomit or some other narsty mess to be swabbed up." That does not prevent him from sentimentalizing before the cathedral of Amiens about the glorious virtue of Pity. "Pity has come into the world and has grown great." Of course, that has no reference to your enemy, for we must first make sure that "when she is up she will not promptly knock us all down again." The quality of mercy must not be strained.

There is one chapter, By Their Fruits, which should be reprinted in the textbooks of the nation's schools. It is a masterpiece of how to quote Scripture with the devil, that process handled so inartistically by our propagandists during the war, but here at last managed with consummate skill and dispatch. Mr. Wister enlists the services of Tacitus, Goethe, Heine, Schopenhauer, and others to prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the Germans are as scoundrelly a collection of liars and cheats as you could wish to find. It is a remarkable chapter, but the one entitled Uplift takes the prize. In the mouth of a whey-face hypocrite Mr. Wister puts some of the most heartfelt ideals of a broken humanity. For instance this: "Then you are quite against universal disarmament?" asks the Uplifter. "Universal?" rejoins Mr. Wister. "How do you know that everybody will come into that game, or keep the rules of the game if they do come in. . . . There are compensations for war. War makes more men than it kills." "Do you not think we should forgive our enemies," asks the Uplifter. "We are," replies Mr. Wister. "I don't, however, remember that we're anywhere told to forgive other people's enemies."

The second part of the book finds Mr. Wister a little less gracious, a little sadder, a little more doubtful of a new heaven and a new earth. He lays the blame—and not without considerable truth—on the makers of the treaty. He even wishes that "Mr. Wilson had not kept us out of the league of nations" (*sic*). But when he accuses the Germans of falsification in refusing to pay their indemnity, one feels like turning wearily to the financial page of any newspaper, reminding Mr. Wister that even his denunciation will not make the mark behave as a Christian piece of exchange should behave, even for France.

Mr. Wister is thoroughly disgusted with the English workingmen. "Every one in England seemed to be hard at work except the laboring classes whose aim, apparently, was to make a second Russia out of Great Britain." A consummation hardly to be wished, although we know of other classes who are not perishing from overwork.

One thing Mr. Wister is certain of, that the war ended too soon. Germany was beaten, but the final kick that should have laid her prone we foolishly forebore to deliver. We did not bring her to her knees, devastate some of her territory just to show her how it feels, and so we are faced today with a Germany unrepentant, a Germany seeking only to right herself when the time is ripe. But as far as we had the privilege of going into the war we did our bit gloriously, and Mr. Wister finds no little consolation in the fact that we can boast of four cemeteries in France. Britain has thirty-three hundred; "but we have four."

Watchman, what then of the night? "To believe that wars will ever wholly cease while man is here is hard; but if that is to be war, if nothing but more means for destruction have been learned . . . then may annihilation be complete." Mr. Wister wraps the mantle of Elijah about him and grows rhapsodical, prophetic. "War and peace are merely different processes of self-preservation, different means by which nations control and protect their existence, manage their affairs, survive." But for goodness' sake, if we fight let us fight like men and not like creatures even worse than animals, "polluting streams, felling forests, despoiling the caves of the planet of their coal and gold." Otherwise, says Mr. Wister with a sigh of resignation, "Better a world without men, if that is to be the end."

EDWIN SEAVER

Latin Classics

Horace and His Influence. By Grant Showerman. Marshall Jones. $1.50.

Seneca the Philosopher and His Modern Message. By Richard Mott Gummere. Marshall Jones. $1.50.

THE list of contributing scholars in the series to which these two books belong, Our Debt to Greece and Rome, is reassuring. One wonders, perhaps, that in a group of subjects so comprehensive neither Menander nor Petronius appears. But the excellence of the two volumes at hand augurs well for the series. Mr. Showerman makes good his title—which no American classicist would dispute—to write of Horace. He first permits Horace to describe himself, in a graceful paraphrase that recalls passage after passage of Ode, Epistle, or Satire where moves, self-revealed, the poet and the man. The reader, if he be a Horatian of old-fashioned predilection, sits back in delight, quotes to his soul's well-being the familiar lines, and, transported to Roman street or Sabine farm, hears for an hour again the voice of one of the finest and the sanest souls that the books of the ages reveal. He finds well stressed, as he hopes to find, the upstanding manly stuff of which the poet was made—his Ennian admiration for *magni* and *magna*, his never-failing objectivity to himself, his proud self-respect, and his utter incapacity for self-deception.

In dealing with the artist rather than the man, Showerman measures Horace by his own criteria of *ingenium, mens divinior* and *os magna sonaturum*, and estimates him as the interpreter of his times, of Italian landscape, of Italian living, of Roman religion, and of Roman wisdom. His acute observation as to the so-called "Hellenic" element in Horace's genius is as true as it is suggestive. "Horace is Greek as Milton is Hebraic or Roman, or as Shakespeare is Italian." One wishes that he had discussed the so-called "realism" of the poet which—doubtless to the edification of the poet in the Elysian fields—has so perplexed critics of sober cast of mind and too little understanding. Persius in his famous *callidus excusso* is wiser than many

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The Children's Page

A Little Bird Said, "Merry Christmas!"

Once there was a little girl named Jane Crane. When she was seven years old she spent Christmas in the country. The sky was grey, the fields were white, there was not a green thing to be seen except the sharp needles on the sweet-smelling pine branches. Jane walked along a snowy path, a sprig of red and green holly pinned to her coat. A little bird whose name she did not know sat on a bare twig and blinked his eyes at her. She was so glad to see him that she began to skip toward him, which made him fly away. From the stone wall at the side of the road she heard a tiny, tiny laugh.

"Who's there?" said Jane.

"I am," replied a little striped chipmunk. He was sitting on his haunches with his paws folded across his stomach, and he looked at Jane very kindly. "Why did you want that bird?"

"Well," said Jane, "I know birds do not like to live in cages, so I should only have given him a red holly berry to eat. Was he afraid of me?"

The striped chipmunk put his head on one side and seemed to think deeply. "No," he said at last, "I'm sure he wasn't afraid of you. But I suppose he thought you were a horse. You're not, are you?"

Jane gasped. "A horse!" she cried. "Of course I'm not. A horse is ever so much bigger than I am. And it walks on four legs, too, and has a great long nose and a tail. Why, I couldn't be a horse. I'm a little girl."

"Well," said the striped chipmunk calmly, "I didn't really think you were. But you see once last summer, when all the grass was green and thick to hide in, one of the little animals—I think it was Toby Squirrel—saw a huge thing that Grandfather Crow said was a horse and would likely as not step on him with his great foot if he didn't move quickly. And Toby told all the other little animals and now, whenever they see anything larger than usual walking along the road, they hurry to get out of the way, because it just might be a horse, you know."

"And since you're really not," said another voice, very sharp and clear, from Jane's shoulder, "I'd like very much to have that holly berry after all." It was the little bird, whose name, by the way, was John Sparrow; he gulped down the berry in one bite and "Merry Christmas, Jane," said he as he flew away.

D. V. D.

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moderns in his insight into the Horatian perversity. Following the interpretation of Horace are chapters on Horace Through the Ages, in which, with a lightness—and sureness—of touch worthy of the subject, Showerman traces the Horatian influence through the later Roman and the Middle Ages. Of the modern significance of the poet he justly concludes that "for four hundred years now . . . Horace rather than Vergil has been the representative Latin poet of humanism." The book closes with a stimulating chapter on the "dynamic significance of Horace." Here are explained the sources of the permanent appeal that Horace makes to the soul of man (*Circum praecordia ludit*) through insight, clear-eyed sanity, understanding, and humanity.

"Seneca the Philosopher and His Modern Message" is the title chosen by Dr. Gummere. His aim is to show "how extensive has been the influence of Seneca's style, his thought, his experiment in philosopher-kingship, and the essential spirituality of his message." The treatment is frankly eulogistic; the reader will perforce make his own reservations, but will confess at the end that Gummere makes out a good case for statesman, philosopher, and man. Scholarly but not academic, the treatise is particularly suggestive in the chapter on Seneca's appeal to the church and that upon his modern influence. Seneca is a tempting subject for a reconstruction of the verdict of history. Not that he has lacked apologists, particularly in France, as the works of Diderot, Waltz, and Pichon show. As C. Pascal pointed out, our account of him comes largely from his enemies. How would Cicero have fared in such a case? It is a pardonable conjecture that the severe criticism of him in Quintilian may be due to academic jealousy of the stylist and Stoic distrust of the philosopher who, as Dill says, "had broken absolutely with paganism," who "never mentions the Stoic theology which attempted to reconcile deity with the gods of the Pantheon." Seneca's own writings reveal both a depth of thought and a cutting edge of character that we look for in vain in Cicero; his very inconsistency—a trait in which he himself takes an interest almost comical—is too human a quality to obscure a virtue as undeniable as his talents. "Un philosophe ministre qui a vraiment essayé d'être un ministre philosophe"—to quote Pichon, has more than once, since Seneca's day, risked a sublime failure: "magnis tamen excidit ausis."

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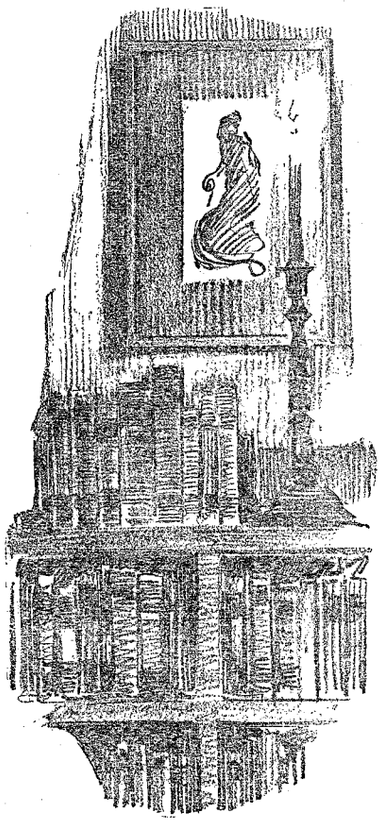

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Music

"Made in America"

THERE are those who ask why this country has produced no national music, no symphonies or operas definitely trade-marked "made in U. S. A." Why can we not stand at the head of a statistical list of the greatest music, as we do for the production of coal and the manufacturing of cotton underwear? Is it not a patriotic duty to do something to encourage music of Americans, by Americans, and for Americans?

It is a fallacy of enthusiastic pseudo-sociologists, Broadway farces, and comic magazines that each nation has certain characteristics that can be pigeonholed, tabulated, and summarized as "national spirit." They present England as John Bull, this country as Uncle Sam, and France as finicky Gaston. Familiarity has confused the guinea's stamp with the coin itself; these superficial national caricatures are invested with an arbitrary symbolism, and we view our neighbors and even ourselves through distorting glasses. A hundred million living three-dimensional human beings are absorbed by a two-dimensional witticism.

It is discouraging to note what an influence such ungrounded generalizations have in many fields of supposedly intelligent study. Music does not escape their influence. Very seriously, an English musician has recently defined the qualities which constitute English music as "sentiment and broad comedy, in alternate streaks—like bacon—soundness of workmanship, and a general kindly geniality, with no ostentation," because, perforce, he believes the "English nature" to exhibit those qualities.

Avoiding such cheap empiricism, let us examine music itself to determine if it recognizes national frontiers. The compositions of the early classic era apparently do not. The work of Purcell shows marked differences from that of Lully, but these betray only the divergent operation of individual genius. The early classicists worked by the same rules of form and counterpoint, they accepted and utilized the same molds for their compositions—the suite, the gigue, the allemande, and other variations of the dance. Except for these dance forms there was little indebtedness to folk-music.

Their great successors in so far as they clung to classic canons remain similarly indistinguishable. Bach's fugues (apart from their expression in diatonic form) are only more technically perfect than those of his contemporaries, not of a different genre. Many of the sonatas of Mozart might have been written by Haydn in uninspired moments. But where these composers drew on the national folk-music—and all of the later classicists did to an extent—a national note crept into their compositions.

The agrarian populations of the Old World were and are relatively stable and isolated. Differences of environment, of tongue, and social condition conspire to weld the rural population of each European state into a relative unit. This unity

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is not to be expressed or symbolized by any super-personality. It manifests itself in slowly developing group-customs; music holds its place among these. Thus is it possible for a national folk-music to arise.

Because the composers of the nineteenth century have drawn their inspiration from the folk-music of their native lands, their music has shown marked divergences along national lines. The Russian peasantry, the most westerly of Eastern peoples, have a folk-music oriental in its characteristic rhythms and modes; hence the music of Moussorgsky, Borodin, and Rimski-Korsakoff reflects those exotic qualities. Chopin and the Wieniawskis are more Polish than individual. Moreover, England, the one European country that possesses no peasantry, can boast of no national school of music.

Indirectly also has the music of each nation been molded by the silent masses of its population. Several centuries of enlightened musical interest has produced throughout Europe a musical organization that is almost institutional. Every peasant is an artist on some instrument that he has inherited from generations of ancestors; each village has its little orchestra, often surprisingly skilled. The larger towns possess institutes offering instruction of a high order. At each national capital there are conservatories presided over by masters. Any child that shows marked talent is soon brought to the attention of his community, is trained, and returns to his village a musician of no mean order, or else seeks greater laurels in the metropolis of his country. Those who achieve distinction, who are hailed by the critics as the artists of the day, have been nurtured from infancy in the traditions of their national music. As children they sang the melodies of their village and played the masterpieces of the composers of their country in the local orchestra. In the conservatories this atmosphere persisted, and they emerged fitted and intent to preserve and transmit this tradition.

Their music, based on airs and tunes of their native heaths, was the more acceptable to the audiences of their country, and the support accorded encouraged them to persist and develop in this direction. Such music is not the music of superimposed national canons—canons formulated by rotary clubs and civic leagues. It is the flowering of a plant whose roots are deeply imbedded in the submerged daily life of generations.

This country has not yet had opportunity to develop nationhood, and thereby attain a national music. It was only a few years ago that Horace Greeley was saying "Go West, young man." The day of the westward-moving frontier is still within the memory of many of us. Even the East was not stable, for there was a steady ebbing of old-timers, while their places were taken to an extent by foreign peoples from European shores. Such flux could only be temporary, but the great extent of the country to be settled made it of long duration. We are not fully past it yet and perhaps shall not be for several generations to come. There must still be shiftings, readjustments.

Communal life in the European sense is almost unknown in this country, save among small groups of immigrants who have transposed their Europe with them *in toto*. The Continental peasant knows his neighbor's family for generations back, and the family of his neighbor's wife. He is related to everyone in the village by blood or marriage, and he feels himself a part of his village. Hence his share in communal activities. It will take time for America to attain this stage. When each village has its little circle of artists devoting themselves in comradely spirit at the same time to the masterpieces of chamber-music and the homely airs of the countryside; when each town can show a musical director who has studied under the best masters, given his recital at Carnegie or Aeolian halls, discovered he is not of the few favored darlings of the muses, and then returned to his birthplace to serve faithfully in his smaller niche; when our conservatories can look to their own people, instead of across the ocean, for models: then, perhaps, will a music truly American arise without prompting.

When flux gives way to settlement and sons cultivate their fathers' fields, the resulting sectionalism will create a rich and varied rural folk-life that will find its musical expression, just as the already developed urban folk-life has laid the foundation for rag-time. There are two groups of the population which have remained unmoved by the migratory fever, the Southern Negroes and the relatively isolated Creole population of the lower Mississippi and the Gulf Basin, and from their already developed folk-life came inspiration for MacDowell and for the "New World Symphony."

At present our students, with few or no native traditions, must go abroad and absorb the culture of foreign environments; returning home, they attempt to create an alien music in this country. Only failure can result. Theirs is not the blame, for these disappointments are our necessary musical growing pains. The essential problem is to avoid the greater danger of musical hundred-and-one-percentism that would devitalize the art whose growth it seeks to force.

WILLIAM J. SHULTZ

Drama

Hamlet Himself

HAMLET is what Goethe used to call a "problematic nature." Talented, intelligent, and decorous actors can study the play which tells his story and understand and admire it and read the innumerable learned commentators and give a performance that is graceful, correct, and scholarly at once. I do not know whether Mr. John Barrymore used the Furness Variorum Edition or not. It is certain that he had no need to do so. Other actors can act Hamlet; he *is* Hamlet, the "problematic nature," the eternal concrete symbol in literature of the introvert, of him whose sensibilities are too delicate for the rough uses of the world, of him who, thinking too curiously and feeling too intensely, cannot act, of him for whom life is too strong because his weakness is a higher strength and who is defeated because he cannot be ignoble. Talent and intelligence and good-will, in brief, cannot reach this role. It needs an inner kinship. I am not sure that I quite knew this until I saw John Barrymore in Hamlet. It can never be forgotten now.

It was clear enough that hitherto Mr. Barrymore never identified himself wholly with his characters. He always played with a touch of genius, but he played himself as Falder and Fédya and Richard III. Here, at last, the distance between himself and his creation has been eliminated. The identity of the two is complete. And because of that identity he has been able to understand and render the text with a consummate freshness. This freshness is very definitely in the verbal texture of Shakespeare's verse and prose. Again and again the mere intellectual grasp of a passage which both scholars and actors have long possessed is transmuted into the glow of living speech. Again and again one feels the stir and impact of words not said before, of words wrung from an immediate perception of the mind, an immediate experience of the heart. And it is needless to say that this complete revivifying of perhaps the most hackneyed dramatic text in the world bears witness to a controlled ardor, a patient passion that are of the essence of the noblest art.

The key of this "Hamlet" is a little subdued. No trace of declamation has been permitted to remain. It is the key of fine modern poetry, of the finest modern fiction. There is no striving or crying. The music is the music of the inevitable sadness of things. There is energy enough, but an energy curbed by a sense that violence is the least effectual of methods. There is a certain isolation of the tragic action. The court is not crowded; the figures are few and pass by one another with a melancholy grace; the rhythm is grave. The tragedy of blood is gone

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despite the statuesque dead of the last moment. What is heard, beyond the beautiful naturalness of all speech, is a poem concerning life and death and the fate of men. Only it is a true poem, a veracious poem, a poem that finds us, as Coleridge said of the Bible, at once.

About Mr. Barrymore there is something at once fragile and burning. He is rarely obtrusive; he is rarely emphatic. One is haunted by that slim figure, by its wandering through a harsh and uncomprehended world. His voice is the voice of a thinker and poet, an interior voice which remains the voice of the soul even when the music of the verse is richly carried by it. His bearing and gestures have the restrained but intense expressiveness of the bearing of modern men who live with their nerves and woes in narrow rooms. Yet they seem utterly right—right in an unsought-for and unhoped-for measure. And this illustrates the truth that a supreme masterpiece is one that each successive age can interpret in the terms of its own moods and needs and special passions, if but the right interpreter be found.

The marvelous freshness in the reading of the text, which is perhaps the most permanently notable thing about this production, has been communicated by either Mr. Barrymore himself or by the direction to the other players. Not quite, I fear, to Miss Rosalind Fuller, whose Ophelia is too consistently elfin ever to have been so human an object of Hamlet's tenderness, but quite fully to Mr. John S. O'Brien's Polonius, Miss Blanche Yurka's Gertrude, Mr. Whitford Kane's first grave-digger.

The skeleton set designed by Mr. Robert Edmond Jones is in the best Stern-Reinhardt manner and, accidentally or not, borrows its chief note from the Reinhardt "Macbeth." That note is one of soaring height of background—here of a lovely and somberly aspiring arched window—which lifts the play and the action into a region of the permanent and significant without any loss of human values.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1922 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Friday, December 1, and not later than Saturday, December 30, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 14, 1923.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

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